The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CIX NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1919 No. 2831

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 449

EDITORIALS:

- The Revolution—1919 452
- Mr. Wilson Rants 453
- The Poets and the Peace 454
- The Coöperative Newspaper 454
- Autumn's Epidemic 455

BRITAIN'S PUBLIC FINANCE. By J. A. Hobson 456

A GERMAN UTOPIA OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By Kuno Francke 458

THE PRESS ABETS THE MOB. By Herbert J. Seligmann 460

ORGANIZATION OR VIOLENCE? By Norman Thomas 461

THE CHURCH MILITANT. By Charles A. Bennett 462

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE:

- Union in the Balkans. By Henry G. Alsberg 464

TO A PRESIDENT. By Witter Bynner 465

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 465

CORRESPONDENCE 466

LITERATURE:

- The I. W. W. 468
- Light in the Darkness 469
- Russia's Ruin 470
- Arthur Symons and the Elizabethans 471
- Thrillers 471

BOOKS IN BRIEF 472

DRAMA:

- The Season Opens. By L. L. 474

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION 475

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 483

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE NATION PRESS, INC.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor — HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, Managing Editor

WILLIAM MacDONALD, ALBERT JAY NOCK, Associate Editors — FREDA KIRCHWEY, MABEL H. B. MUSSEY

Subscription Rates—Four dollars per annum, postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $5.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: Nation, New York. Chicago Office: Room 1348, People's Gas Bldg. British Agents for Subscriptions and Advertising: Swarthmore Press, Ltd., 72 Oxford St., London.

THE President's breakdown, with the consequent collapse of his trip on behalf of the treaty, will call forth regret everywhere—even, we believe, among those whom he has been denouncing as cowards and pro-Germans. No one in American history has had heavier burdens, or lived under a more terrible strain. These last five years have been more than flesh and blood could endure and this, with the strain of the trip, together with the coolness of many of his audiences, has evidently brought him to the breaking point. Mr. Wilson's impending breakdown might have been guessed from the character and tone of his campaign, for he has not done justice to himself. It is the more regrettable because this battle over the treaty ought to be waged in the light of reason and not of passion. We hope for him a speedy recovery so that he may continue to present his side of the case in the best possible light. Whatever else may be said about this battle royal, its educational effects cannot be over-estimated.

THE final nail was driven into the coffin of self-determination last week when the Germans were compelled to sign an agreement at Versailles nullifying that section of their recently adopted Constitution making possible a union between Germany and German-Austria. To this the Americans have lent themselves, although it gave the lie to Mr. Wilson's solemn pledge that America had no intention of interfering in the affairs of Austria, and although it goes, of course, directly contrary to the Fourteen Points. The only excuse for it is a bad spirit of revenge and the desire to prevent what is a normal and natural union of German-speaking peoples—a union which would do much to end friction between what is left of Austria and the Czecho-Slovaks and Jugoslavs. This part of the peace treaty ought to be revised and will, we trust, be revised. We hope that through a close customs union and in other ways the prohibition can be got around until the present-day chauvinism is supplanted by something better and wiser.

INTO a sordid and unhappy world D'Annunzio brings joyous color, adventure, romance, a readiness for self-immolation, and a typically Italian appreciation of what he is doing. In his own estimation he is Cyrano de Bergerac and the Three Musketeers rolled into one. He weeps tears freely, in anticipation, over the grave, cypress-guarded, which he has picked out for himself in the Fiume cemetery and so touchingly describes. He may not be a hero to his valet but he is to himself; for in his address to the world he speaks thus: "Fiume is but a solitary peak of heroism where it will be sweet to die. My lips are moistened for the last time at the waters of its fountain. For six nights I have not slept. Fever devours me, but I remain upright"—which last will reassure those who think that he has been standing on his head. If, after that, he does not become a hero to the movies we shall miss our guess. But as we go to press, the heroic one seems to be accomplishing so much more than he expected that it will not surprise us if he dies in his bed. For it appears that the Italian army will not attack him; that the navy is on his side; that he has driven Tittoni out of the Cabinet and brought Nitti, whom he describes as a case of "adipose degeneracy," to the verge of a fall. More than that, he has stumped the Peace Conference, which sits helpless and gaping, letting I dare not wait upon I would, while D'Annunzio spreads his influence to the Dalmatian coast and, every hour, strikes another blow at Mr. Wilson's League of Nations.

THIS week Americans have laid aside their innate and proper prejudices against kings and queens, and given a cordial welcome to King Albert of Belgium and the German lady who is his royal consort. Their bearing during the whole war has been so fine and so dignified that no one will be disposed to anything else than the heartiest of welcomes—even if the King is through his mother half a Hohenzollern, besides being the brother-in-law of one. To the Queen, particularly, the sympathies of Americans have gone out most freely. Herself a Bavarian, the daughter of that Duke of

EDUCATION LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bavaria who gave his life to unselfish labors as an oculist among the Bavarian people, her situation during the war was the most trying imaginable. Throughout it all she kept serene and cheerful and she has today, like her husband, the regard of the people of her adopted country, so that one hears less about the overturning of the throne in Belgium than in any other country except England. King Albert himself will hardly rank as a great figure in history, and much will depend upon his conduct in the next few years, notably in regard to the shameful Belgian intrigue against the sovereignty and integrity of Holland, exposed in another column. But he will always be a model of how the head of a nation should behave in the face of overwhelming catastrophe.

DO the American people realize the meaning of the statement made by Secretary Glass on September 25 that the United States had consented to an agreement whereby the $500,000,000 annual interest due from Allied countries will be allowed to accumulate? This process, described as "funding of the interest," was agreed to, the statement declared, because of the inability of the Allies to make interest payments on their debts in view of the exchange situation and their heavy current expenses. When a private corporation declares itself unable to pay interest on its debts, the process is described in lawyer's offices as "confession of bankruptcy," and the arrangement with creditors is known as a "composition," but if Secretary Glass prefers the term "funding of the interest," we do not object; only we like to recognize facts. This "funding" will, during the three-year period contemplated, add about a billion and a half to the ten billions we have loaned, on which, we are now informed, no cash payments of interest have ever been made, interest payments being cared for by cutting into the credits allocated. This is high finance with a vengeance. The announcement of our new type of "funding" operation is expected to improve the exchange situation; and New York bankers are reported as unanimously approving the action of Secretary Glass and as preparing to make private loans to foreign governments on a large scale. A Belgian offering of $50,000,000, timed for the arrival of the King and Queen, is already announced. Of course if one does not have to pay interest to Uncle Sam, one has just so much more money with which to pay interest to bankers. We wonder if they are planning to "fund" their interest as it falls due.

CONGRATULATIONS to the Frank Waterhouse Company of Seattle, which, according to *The Union Record* of September 19, promptly backed the action of the Seattle dock workers by notifying the Government that it would refuse to handle any shipments of munitions for the American army in Siberia. The decent instincts of Americans of every class are revolting against this whole Siberian business. A Minnesota correspondent who recently sent out certain circulars has reported to President Wilson: "These circulars were sent to people of widely varying political views, as the great divergence of attitudes toward the League of Nations and German treaty showed in their replies. It was noteworthy, however, that although there were over one hundred replies in all, not a single respondent advocated intervention in Russia or Hungary or any form of support for the Kolchak régime." In view of such facts, how perfect appears the functioning of our democratic government, as reflected in the following dispatch, appearing in *The New York Times* under date of September 24:

> It was learned authoritatively today that the United States has assumed responsibility, the degree not being made known, for assisting the Omsk Government's forces. . . . An official of the State Department said: "The other Powers are taking care of Denikin, and it is up to the United States to look after Kolchak."

Why not make him Supreme Ruler of Yap?

AN interesting contrast is afforded by the recent addresses of Herbert Hoover and Arthur Henderson, even as presented in fragmentary newspaper reports. Mr. Hoover, fresh from his gigantic task of feeding the world, and weighed down by the burden of social distress and unrest all over the globe, sees in the European situation the utter bankruptcy of socialism, which "has proved itself, with rivers of blood and suffering, to be an economic and spiritual fallacy." Mr. Hoover's socialist critics are not unfairly asking him how much better the case stands with capitalism; for he certainly does not lay on socialism the blame for the war. There will be general agreement with his further dictum that "bankruptcy of the socialist idea does not relieve us from the necessity of finding a solution to the primary question which underlies discontent—the better division of the products of industry and the steady development of higher productivity." What that solution is to be Mr. Hoover does not suggest. Mr. Henderson, who has just been returned to Parliament from Widnes, an ultra-conservative stronghold, after a vigorous campaign, takes a more hopeful view. Believing that "class rule in politics is doomed to disappear," he still considers it doubtful "whether the ideal of true political liberty will be realized in this and other countries without a violent convulsion of society." He declares that "the possessing classes contrive to defeat the popular will on every first-class political issue in which the rights and liberties of the people are involved"; and that as a result we are witnessing, first, an attempt to substitute soviet government for parliamentary institutions, and second, an effort at direct industrial action. The world unrest, in his view, "is not a striving toward mere material betterment, but a movement of spirit in men inspired by a belief in the possibility of realizing a fairer future for all." Both men agree on the breakdown of the old order; they differ only in their outlook on the future.

WE reprint in this and the note that follows two documents that have recently come into our hands from an unimpeachable source. They are of peculiar interest to the host of new-made friends of Belgium, especially in view of King Albert's approaching visit to the United States and the news of the impending $50,000,000 loan. The first document reads as follows:

> On the 9th of June last His Majesty the King of the Belgians sent the following telegram to Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands: "At the moment that circumstances have permitted the last of the Belgians, who have been so heartily received in The Netherlands during the sad years of the war, to return to their home country, I, as the interpreter of the gratitude of the nation, tender your Majesty sincere thanks. Belgium will never be able to forget the hospitable refuge which its subjects found on Netherlands soil nor the untiring efforts to soften their exile and their sufferings. I offer to your Majesty and the People of The Netherlands the expression of the sentiments of thankful Belgium"—to which the Queen sent a reply that same day in equally friendly terms.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN view of this pleasing and natural official expression of gratitude for the great kindness of the Dutch people to the Belgians during the years of their war suffering, what shall we say of the action of the Belgian Foreign Office as revealed in the second dispatch:

A Belgian press bureau recently communicated to the Holland newspapers the text of a confidential circular of the Belgian foreign office to the Belgian General Headquarters, containing instructions to the Belgian secret agents in the Netherlands province of Limburg. This circular was dated: Brussels the 20th of May last (being three weeks before the above mentioned telegram). The text in extract as published in the Holland newspapers of August, the authenticity of which was acknowledged by the Belgian Government, reads, translated, as follows:

"Ministry for foreign affairs
"Brussels Direction P
May 20th, 1919. No. 4246
Confidential note for General Headquarters.

"At this moment all Belgian Agents in Netherlands Limburg must lend their assistance to the best of their abilities to prepare the return of this province to the mother country; they must not neglect a single opportunity to point out to the Limburgers that their interests are on the side of Belgium; they must encourage without indiscretion those Limburgers who manifest to be our partisans, those who are secretly so and those who may become so. In giving these the most ready help they must set off to advantage the difference they make between Limburgers and Hollanders. Every day and at every favorable opportunity they must show their gratitude to the Limburgers for their benevolence towards the Belgian refugees. At this moment the Belgians in Limburg must create the impression that they have full confidence in the ultimate result of the negotiations which are taking place with Holland with regard to the revision of the Treaties of 1839 and the regulation of the Scheldt and Meuse questions; they must show to be quite certain of the support which the allied Nations will give and of its efficiency. They must not carry on too much direct propaganda; but must leave that to the Limburgers; they must intimate that if Limburg should again become Belgian, it will remain or will again become Limburg, that it will not be joined to another province, that the French language will not be introduced and that Roman Catholicism will be as well protected as under the Netherlands rule; anti-clericalism is not in its place in these regions; to the contrary." The Text and the spirit of this note and the means of action discovered by this document, have painfully surprised the Netherlands nation. The Netherlands Government therefore has opposed to this document a formal protest on behalf of the high principles which must govern the relations between the countries and of which principles the respect of right and mutual confidence must be the basis.

THE primary election in New Jersey on Tuesday of last week had a most satisfactory outcome. On the Democratic side, James R. Nugent, the boss of Essex County, was defeated for the gubernatorial nomination by Senator Edward I. Edwards. Mr. Nugent ran on a platform calling for the repeal of the prohibition amendment, and announced his opposition to the ratification of the woman suffrage amendment; his defeat is altogether commendable. The prime reason for the disaster which has overtaken him, however, is the rivalry of the Hudson County machine, so that it was at bottom a factional fight by which the public profited slightly. On the Republican side the present unsatisfactory Governor, William N. Runyon, was defeated by State Comptroller Bugbee; Thomas L. Raymond and Warren C. King, both men of character and standing, ran far behind. Either Mr. Bugbee or Mr. Edwards will, therefore, be Governor of New Jersey for three years after January 15 next. Mr. Nugent's defeat, despite its factional aspect, will bring encouragement to the woman suffragists because much is going to depend on New Jersey and Rhode Island. If these two small States vote against the amendment, its sucess will be very questionable in view of the fact that one Southern State after another is voting against it because of the Negro problem.

AMERICAN democrats would do well to keep a sharp eye on Santo Domingo and the entire Caribbean basin. Dr. Francisco Henriquez y Carvajal, acting president of Santo Domingo at the time its government was overthrown by our marines five years ago, after visiting Paris in an effort to lay the case of his country before the Peace Conference, has come to Washington, where, it is safe to say, his reception will be just about as cordial as it was in Paris. He points out that individual liberty in his country has been greatly diminished under our rule: "There is no freedom of the press, no right of assembly, and the people cannot take the initiative to modify the situation." The Spanish Government has transmitted to Washington an address signed by the leaders of all the Spanish parliamentary parties courteously suggesting that this is a good time for us to withdraw from Santo Domingo. We heartily agree. Can Mr. Wilson stop preaching world salvation long enough to note this small matter? Nicaragua is our protectorate in all but name, and we are pursuing an inexplicable policy of meddling in Costa Rica; the oil situation in the latter country will bear watching. Meanwhile the Filipinos propose to send back their Independence Mission. We received it politely last winter—and did nothing. An alleged interview with Aguinaldo quoting him in opposition to independence has been repudiated by that leader. All the old familiar tricks of imperialism are being played on us as we gradually ingest these helpless little peoples; but who is really deceived by them? Concessions and privileges always loom in the background.

THE news from Russia, genially reported by *The Public Ledger* (Philadelphia), that Lenin and Trotzky are not only watching the World Series, but are willing to bet two to one on the Reds, is of the kind which may at last persuade our public to turn back from its unthinking drift towards internationalism before it is too late. It is all very well for Lenin and Trotzky to observe our political antics, for those are, after all, the concern and exercise of the few; but for them to trifle with our national sport is another matter. It is ours and they cannot have it. Foreigners, we all heard, while our army was acquainting itself with hand grenades, cannot throw. Notoriously they are mere women when it comes to perceiving the fine points or even following the bare plot of a baseball game. By what right then do Lenin and Trotzky, dreadful Dioscuri, begin to dabble in our particular affairs? Our Junkers are right: once these blinking Bolshevists are allowed a foothold they will never turn back. Like the cuckoo's brat in the nightingale's nest, when they get an inch they take a mile; like any capitalist, when they get a tip they make a bet. If only they did not show themselves so unpardonably colored by their own prepossessions we might still endure it. But between our Reds and their reds there is a difference. Whatever our Reds may do, the red rag of the Bolshevists shall never fly over our bleachers. Some things *are* sacred.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Revolution—1919

WHO shall inherit the power? That is the central question today in Pittsburgh and Youngstown and Gary. This nation-wide steel strike is no mere squabble over wages and hours and collective bargaining and the open shop. These are the shibboleths, the battle-cries; but the real question is, Who shall control our steel industry, our mines of coal and iron, our roaring furnaces, our giant rolling mills that swallow down white-hot ingots only to belch them forth again as finished rails and beams and girders? Who shall direct the busy life in mine and mill, in stokehole and locomotive cab, in company town and industrial city? That is the question, and because of it we have civil war in Buffalo and Cleveland and McKeesport and Clairton and Farrell.

It is this question that Mr. Morgan really has in mind when he cables Judge Gary: "Heartiest congratulations on your stand for the open shop, with which I am, as you know, absolutely in accord. I believe American principles of liberty deeply involved and must win if we all stand firm." It is this question that Mr. William Z. Foster, secretary of the strike committee, faced when he wrote, some years since, in his pamphlet on syndicalism: "The Syndicalism movement is a labor union movement which, in addition to fighting the everyday battles of the working class, intends to overthrow capitalism and reorganize society in such a manner that exploitation of man by man through the wages system shall cease." It is of this question that *The Sun* (New York) is thinking when it makes extended quotations from Mr. Foster's "damnable doctrines and precepts," only to wind up: "And it is to this exotic beast of prey that Judge Gary refuses to extend the olive branch!" Here is a real issue, and in face of it there is no use in scolding the steel workers or lecturing Judge Gary. It would be far better for us all to think soberly and quietly and humbly. Who shall inherit the power?

The power in the past has rested with those of us who owned the lands, the mines, the railroads, the mills, the factories; these have been able to direct our industries, and in great part to control our political life. The labor movement opposed to them, until the war came, only a feeble, withal a growing resistance. That movement has had two branches. One, led by Mr. Gompers, has accepted the existing arrangement in its fundamentals, trying to exact higher wages and shorter hours from the men who owned and ran the system. The other division of the labor army has lately ventured to challenge the entire existing scheme of control. Its members demand higher wages and shorter hours, of course; but they are thinking of the actual direction of the productive machine itself. Led by such men as Sidney Hillman in the East and James Duncan in the West, they have been making enormous strides during the past year, and they have now definitely shaken the grip of the old leaders on the unions themselves. But this is a movement not essentially of leaders, but of the rank and file; the leaders frankly cannot control it. It has dominated a half-dozen important labor conventions during the past six months. It has forced the hand of Mr. Gompers on the Plumb plan. It underlies the steel strike. Thanks to the war, we stand today in the presence of a revolutionary force which our captains of industry have now determined definitely to challenge—they would have had to challenge it some day. That, as we believe, is the meaning of this great steel strike.

In such a view, the immediate issues of the struggle (and we regard this one as only typical of hundreds of others) sink into relative unimportance, however large the questions of fairness and justice they may raise, and however seriously they may affect the fortunes of individuals. The real question for intelligent men to consider is, Can this mass movement be resisted? Many thoughtful men among our business leaders regard mere unbending opposition as neither practicable nor desirable. We believe that they are right. The world has seen political power pass from the few to the many. For good or ill, we appear to be witnessing a similar transfer of power in the industrial world. The question accordingly is not, Shall the power pass, but, How shall the power pass? Shall it be with violence and bloodshed and hatred, or shall it be with goodwill and consideration and mutual assistance?

That the transfer of power will mean profound changes in the existing system of private property is evident enough, even though we cannot forecast the exact details. We yield to none in our estimate of the rôle of private property in the civilized order. For that reason we would not see the whole fortress imperilled by unthinking attempts to defend outlying and indefensible bastions, even though certain possessors under our existing arrangements are bound to suffer when the old positions are abandoned. Both Great Britain and our own country are faced by a demand from powerful bodies of workers for the nationalization of railroads and mines—and the end clearly is not yet. The truest friend of private property today is not he who tries to suppress all complaints against the existing system, but he who insists on examining critically what is and what is not properly to be included within the category of property; for that is the method of reason, and it is to reason, not violence, that we must look for the direction and control of this new force whose manifestations we are beginning to witness on every hand.

As we see the great scroll unroll before our eyes, then, we feel that it is no time for panic terror or for violent denunciation of either side. We desire for the on-coming millions patience and self-restraint and readiness to think; and on the side of those whose privilege and power are undergoing radical change the clear eye and the quiet mind and the ability to judge what is and what is not possible. Forcible repression throughout all history has ultimately bred extreme and violent reprisal. Communist Russia today is the child of generations of ruthless political tyranny. Looking at our own situation, can we not all realize that the brains, the organizing ability, the constructive genius, the enthusiasm, the vision and idealism of the American business man are too precious to be wasted in class war? Let not the worker thoughtlessly crowd such a possible ally to the wall, or drive him into open armed conflict; and let not the business man by indirection or lack of frankness or stubborn insistence on the unchanging maintenance of what the war has made an untenable status goad the worker to violent revolt. For the old dominance based solely on ownership is passing before our eyes: "but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Wilson Rants

VERY well then, if we must stand apart and be the hostile rival of the rest of the world, then we must do something else, we must be physically ready for anything that comes. We must have a great standing army. We must see to it that every man in America is trained to arms. We must see to it that there are munitions and guns enough for an army. That means a mobilized nation. . . . We may say what we please of the German Government that has been destroyed, my fellow citizens, but it was the only sort of government that could handle an armed nation. You can't handle an armed nation by vote. You can't handle an armed nation if it is democratic, because democracies don't go to war that way. You have got to have a concentrated, militaristic organization of government to run a nation of that sort.

Thus, Woodrow Wilson on Friday, September 5, 1919. Was there ever so pitiful an appeal? We have just finished a war against a government which has been portrayed to us innocent Americans as the lowest type of government to which any modern nation has ever sunk. The world, Mr. Wilson assured us, did not have room for two systems of government—the German and that of the rest of the world. As long as the "Potsdam gang" existed there could be safety for neither democracy nor liberty nor civilization. And now in order to obtain the kind of league he wants the President turns around and deliberately tells us that if we do not get it, there is no other possibility before us than to go ahead and reorganize ourselves precisely on the lines of the German government we have destroyed. It is the only possible form of government, he declares, when all the world is against one. But were not the German people made by their base leaders to believe that all the world was against them; that England was jealous of their industrial and sea power; that Russia and France were formally allied against them? What will they say now when they read in cold type the news of Mr. Wilson's latest utterance, his statement that if the League of Nations fails we must make over our precious American democracy on the Prussian autocratic model, and must become a militaristic nation in arms, with our Bernhardi, our Ludendorff, our Hindenburg, our Tirpitz? We are to store up arms within the nation, Mr. Wilson says, precisely as Germany did, "to be kept up to date so that they may be used tomorrow." We shall not only, he declares, have to pay enormous additional taxes; we shall have to make over our country into the only kind of organization that can handle armies of that sort.

What could be more misleading or more misjudged? If the militaristic government of Germany was what this country believed it to be, there can be no excuse on earth for imitating it. For a century, in accordance with the advice of George Washington, the United States stood alone, free from entanglements. It never found it necessary during that time to build up great armaments. To insinuate in the face of such a history that if the League of Nations fails we must out-German Germany, is enough to make the very dead in Flanders rise. What abominable disloyalty to the Americans who lie in France to admit that under certain circumstances—which might come about by the collapse of the League even if the treaty were adopted by the Senate—it might be advisable to establish German militarism on American soil! What disloyalty this to the fathers of this Republic! That Mr. Wilson should stoop to such an argument proves, like his harping upon the epithet pro-German, that he has come to despair of success. That he should think for one moment that Americans ought to lower themselves to the level of the Hohenzollern conception of government! Every American, with or without his country's ancient ideals at heart, knows that we must not follow the example of our recent enemy, not only because she so greatly harmed the rest of the world by her war-making, but because in the end it was she that was most harmed by it.

Of course Mr. Wilson cannot himself realize what he has said, especially if he is at all conscious of what is going on in the world. It is merely that he senses defeat and is resorting to the last trick of the orator, in the hope of frightening the Senators to do his will. We do not believe that many Americans will be misled by such fustian. They know that there is another possibility, that the America of the future does not have to choose between becoming a party to that colossal humbug, the proposed League of Nations, or becoming a second Germany. They know perfectly well that it is not necessary to choose either of these evils; that the United States can go on with its national life calmly awaiting the day of a sound international order and an honest league of nations without having to be armed to the teeth. The thoughtful among them have come to understand that it is not only war which bankrupts nations and increases social disorder and unrest, but preparation for war as well. They know that if we could stand up under the frightful costs of organizing as a nation in arms, no one else is now, or will be for decades to come, in a position to do so; that more than one European nation faces bankruptcy, and that two at least would go down if American financial aid were suddenly withdrawn. They have learned from Germany what it means to the spiritual, intellectual, and moral life of a people to be a nation in arms. Where universal military service and large armaments have existed, there unrest has spread like wildfire—and most Americans are not desiring a rapid increase of social unrest in America just at this moment. They know what it has meant to the workers of Europe to carry each a soldier on his back, and they have no intention whatever of permitting America to be reorganized on any such lines even if the treaty is rejected.

But, after all, the saddest thing about it all is that the author of the Fourteen Points should have sunk to this depth for the sake of the League. In the same speech from which we have taken the above quotation Mr. Wilson boldly told the truth that this was a commercial and economic war and not a political one. Had he been a private citizen and said this during the war he would probably have gone to jail like Eugene Debs; for to say that the war was "economic and commercial" is but another way of declaring that it was a capitalist war, which no newspaper was then allowed by Mr. Burleson to say. What are we to think when Mr. Wilson assures us that the kind of government that Germany had was "the only sort of government that could handle an armed nation"? Does it mean that the veil of lying and falsehood which has obscured what has happened during the last four years is now to be torn away by some of those who are most responsible for it? Let us hope so. But whatever happens we have no such low and ugly opinion of the American people as Mr. Wilson. We are too sure and too proud of their idealism and the essential soundness of their moral and intellectual fibre to believe that they would ever consider for a moment a course which could only be accepted as a justification of the Kaiser and all his works.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Poets and the Peace

THE poets are turning away from the peace. Most of them sounded to battle and still more of them acclaimed the armistice, but now we get from them notes of disappointment, disillusion, disgust. Was it for this treaty, the young soldiers ask, that we fought those battles; was it for this negation of our vision, ask the poets, that we took wings out of our dreams to lead the hearts of youth through filth and death for the sake of that vision? What the soldiers and the poets seek for is, of course, not a settlement which shall reward them for their ardors and endurances but one which shall make it clear that they did not burn and endure in a cause which was wrong or foolish, or, worse, in a cause which did not exist at all. They can forgive us, those who still live and those who died, if we forget them now, but they can never forgive if they discover that they were all the time only the dupes of an order of affairs which they thought had passed.

This is a good occasion to remember the career of Wordsworth. In September, 1790, he had been stirred by the joy and benevolence which he found everywhere in France as the earliest fruits of the Revolution. At Blois in 1792, under the instruction of Captain Beaupuy, he became thoroughly converted to the new ideals of liberty, and took back with him to England a passionate sympathy with the French.

> What, then, were my emotions, when in arms
> Britain put forth her freeborn strength in league,
> Oh, pity and shame! with those confederate Powers!
> Not in my single self alone I found,
> But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,
> Change and subversion from that hour. . . .
> Oh! much have they to account for, who could tear
> By violence, at one decisive rent,
> From the best youth in England their dear pride,
> Their joy, in England.

With what grief, Wordsworth says, he heard prayers in church for victory, and with what a shock to his moral nature did he find himself positively exulting over the defeats which the British at first sustained. He saw the most violent party in France strengthened by a foreign invasion, and growing daily more violent. Night and day he was haunted by ghastly visions, deserted sometimes, he felt, by his own soul. But a little before, it had been blissful to be alive, heavenly to be young, at what seemed the great dawn. But now, for the first time in his life thrown outside the "pale of love" in which his spirit had heretofore moved, he found his moods embittered and unhinged. The French themselves, advancing from self-defence to conquest, struck another prop away. His old confidence that virtue and reason must prevail almost wholly faded, and he went down to the last depths of contempt and doubt, from which he was rescued only by his escape, under the guidance of his sister, out of the storm into the calmer weather of his native hills.

That Wordsworth's greatest work was done after his secession from the world no one can deny; nor can one prove that had he remained he could better have served the interests of humanity than by doing in quiet what he was perhaps best fitted to do. And yet his age assuredly lost something when it forced such an antinomy: reason and love retired in the mountains, prejudice and hatred active on the plains. For the uses of poetry are infinite. In "The Birds of Killingworth" there is a sly allegory of the slaughter in some stout utilitarian New England town of all the birds, with the consequences that the farmers, who had killed them for the sake of the grain they might eat, saw a thousand times as much devoured by the insects, which the birds would certainly have eaten. But there are worse ways of banning the poets than shooting them—they may be stifled by extracting from the air they breathe the freedom and the love and the hope without which they cannot survive. Consider how in England toward the end of the war the earlier Tyrtæan clangors had given way to the vexed realism of such men as Siegfried Sassoon, crying out with all his power against the daily horrors of the trenches. In America read what Witter Bynner and Edgar Lee Masters are saying. Everywhere authentic voices sounding revolt; everywhere pure spirits alienated by the obtuseness and confusion and malice of the times. Just before the war there was beginning in this country a poetical movement more widespread, more intense, more concerned with actual life than any we had ever witnessed. The war at least did not greatly hinder it. Will it be reserved for the peace to end it or to force it once more away to some Alp or Eden of the fancy?

The Coöperative Newspaper

THAT the newspaper world would escape the prevailing unrest was not, of course, to be expected. But it had not been believed that writers for the press would be as rapidly organized as has been the case. Boston seems to have led off, and the successful strike for higher pay there gave a marked impetus to the movement for collective bargaining. In Montreal, the Newswriters' Union marched in the Labor Day parade; in Philadelphia the union has 165 members; while in Rochester more than three-fourths of the reporters and editors have organized and affiliated with the International Typographical Union, demanding a minimum wage of $50 a week for experienced reporters. In New Haven, as everywhere else, the proprietors have opposed the unions, which action resulted in a strike that temporarily crippled the city's dailies and has led to the interesting result of the founding of a coöperative journal.

This paper, which has now made its appearance for several days, is reported to have the backing of certain capitalists to the extent of $150,000. It is an interesting experiment, not only because it is a novel venture in the East, but because it is along the lines of the new policy that the workers should control the industry in which they work. We have had many suggestions for the betterment of the press—the press which has never failed America as sadly as in the last few years—but the discussion has usually revolved about projects for endowed newspapers or official publications. No one has yet succeeded in convincing students of the problem that the endowed newspaper would be any better off than our trustee-controlled colleges have been; and as for the official paper, the mischief done by inspired governmental propaganda in this country during the war ought forever to banish that idea from everybody's head. A government press could have no other purpose than to color the news and interpret all happenings for the benefit of the Wilsons and Burlesons and Bakers who happened to be in office and desired to continue their benevolent rule. Even in Russia and Bavaria, where we have had "prole-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLEGE

tarian" governments in control of the press, the result has been the same—a refusal to let the other side state its case, or enjoy real freedom of the press.

Hence, all efforts to find a way out become of enormous importance. If the New Haven reporters can prove that they can produce an honest, able, and impartial newspaper and make a success of it they will have rendered a service to encourage everybody. If they write from any point of view except the printing of the whole truth they will merely disappoint. The propagandist newspaper like *The New York Call* undoubtedly has its place, particularly when it is as honestly and ably conducted as that paper; but after all it writes as much from one point of view as does its antithesis *The New York Times*. If the struggling New Haven paper desires to serve special interests or to serve only the cause of unionism, it cannot hope for widespread influence. But here we have a perplexing difficulty. If a newspaper merely prints the naked truth and espouses no cause, if it is not written with a passion for righteousness, for some reform or some policy, it cannot make a deep impress. The problem is to make the news columns absolutely fair and unbiased and really informatory while giving free hand to the editorial writers who furnish the paper with its individuality and its warmth. It is no easy task, yet the elder Bowles and the younger, too, showed that it can be done in America.

In the West various interesting experiments are under way. Thus the Nonpartisan League is founding several newspapers whose capital has been or is to be subscribed in small amounts by a large number of sympathizers. To some extent these are coöperative enterprises. But perhaps the most interesting experiment anywhere is *The Union Record* (Seattle), the labor daily which, on the President's arrival in that city, dared, to the horror of the correspondents accompanying him, to print in large type certain searching questions to him which he dared not answer. The naïve astonishment of Mr. David Lawrence, for instance, in discovering this daily with its growing circulation of 60,000 and, what is more important, with its opinions that are different from the conventional and with its refusal to bow down before the President, afforded the public one of the most delightful bits of unconscious humor that has appeared in the press of late. The remarkable thing about this newspaper is that it has made money ever since the beginning of its third month and that it is dependent upon no one for a subsidy. In this respect it is in marked contrast with the new London labor daily, *The Herald*, which is financed by several rich men. *The Union Record* rejoices in several pages of advertising, but, as a headline states, the paper is "published for principle and not for profit." Its chief reliance is upon small classified advertising, and it declares that if it can obtain two or three pages a day it will be independent of all other advertisers. Its telegraphic news is furnished by the United Press. In style and type it imitates the make-up of its capitalist rivals. But apparently its editors can pride themselves upon having shown the possibility of making a success of a paper without the aid of the capitalist. That unfortunate person, who is now receiving mercy at nobody's hands, has begun, perhaps, to see the handwriting on the wall; at least we note that the new owner of *The Republican-Herald* (Binghamton), the oldest newspaper in its section of New York State, has announced that whatever profits it makes will be equally divided between the workers and the proprietor.

Autumn's Epidemic

ABOUT this time of year, when the air becomes bracing and the World's Series falls due, the spirit of speculation seems to revive, and its channels of communication between man and man seem to multiply miraculously. One can place a bet on almost anything with almost anyone. We have done pretty well with the unearned increment this summer, in our humble way, already; the weather has been a good steady revenue-producer for us, and kelley pool has assayed above the average, day in and day out. Under these circumstances, we are moved by the afflatus of the changing season to take a real sporting chance. Jake, the office-boy, who (we hear with misgivings) is becoming prominent in the Brownsville socialist junior local, has just been in the sanctum, taunting us with our well-known reactionary tendencies,—alas, *quanti est ista hominum gloria*, how vain such a distinction nowadays!—and offering, in his sinful slangy way, to chance a couple of dollars that the first thing done by the President's labor conference next month will be to demand quick action on the treaty. He says that the conference is primarily minatory; that its real purpose is to coerce the United States Senate, or "to sandbag them old geezers" (we regretfully reproduce his exact language) into ratifying the treaty, by threat of throwing on them the onus of withstanding a settlement of the industrial situation.

We mention merely by way of showing how this same industrial situation has affected our office discipline, that Jake's reflections on the men chosen by the President to represent the general public at this conference, amounted to sheer scurrility. We cannot fire Jake; an office-boy, in these days, cannot be replaced. So we are at his mercy and obliged at times to bear in silence with a most disrespectful and shocking irruption of his improper opinions. Just now, for example, we heard with acute distress his animadversions on these fine exemplars of the democratic tradition. Who, we asked him, more nearly represents the composite genius of our people, more truly communicates that imponderable and undefinable quality known as the American spirit, than Mr. Bernard M. Baruch or Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.? If the President had asked a plebiscite, would not a first and unanimous choice of the plain people have fallen upon that sterling democrat, that genial and conciliating upholder of the public interests, Judge Gary? Is not Mr. Brookings a trustee of the Carnegie Institute and the Carnegie Peace Foundation; is not Mr. Jones a director of the International Harvester Company, and Mr. Meredith a graduate of the Board of Excess Profit Advisers? We asked further, what more the President could have done to placate the radical element, how he could make more manifest the spotless impartiality and catholicity of his intentions, than by appointing those two apostles of sound radical doctrine whose names are in the hagiology of every socialist household of faith, Messrs. John Spargo and Charles Edward Russell. But at the mention of these two names, Jake became almost abusive, muttering some incoherent words which we did not care to hear too distinctly, but the terms which forced themselves on our ears seemed to indicate there must be a serious split in the Brownsville junior local.

We took Jake's bet, partly to get rid of him and partly influenced by the seasonal conditions; but we are afraid we may lose and are looking around for a chance to hedge, for two dollars means much in Grub Street.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Britain's Public Finance

By J. A. HOBSON

THE gravity of the financial situation in Britain is at last beginning to make some serious impression upon a public mind which for five years has refused to pay the least attention to public expenditure or even to put to itself the question, "Can we afford it?" The maxim, "Inter arma silent leges" has been taken to include all laws of political economy, with the result that the economic havoc and waste of war are surprising and disconcerting our business men and politicians who had somehow succeeded in persuading themselves that "the worst is over." The Chancellor of the Exchequer's recent warning that "if we continue spending indefinitely at the present rate it will lead us straight to national bankruptcy," accompanied by an admission that the situation was distinctly worse than three months before when he made his budget statement would, indeed, arrest attention if it stood alone. For the budget statement committed the country to a year's expenditure of nearly 1,500 millions sterling, the revenue from taxes and other sources, including proceeds of the sale of war materials and stores leaving a deficit upon the year's account of 240 millions to be met by further borrowing. Except by financial purists —a meagre band—this statement was considered satisfactory. Heavy expenditures for demobilization and for the fag-ends of the war were unavoidable; great reduction in armaments was impracticable until Europe was more settled; the deficit, though considerably larger than the total pre-war expenditure, seemed slight in comparison with the annual war deficits.

But when four months later the Chancellor told us that both sides of the account were failing to realize his expectations, i. e., more was going out and less coming in, he frightened us into looking closer at the bills. It seems that we are still living at the rate of nearly four and a half millions a day and that little more than half of it is being raised by honest processes of taxation. Mr. Chamberlain explains that demobilization is delayed and military and naval expenditures are greater than he had anticipated. In other words, there was Mr. Churchill and the Allied policy in Russia and Hungary to reckon with. To the same Continental policy is attributed the reduction of the expected receipts from the winding up of food control and the realization of great trading stocks held by Government. More than half of the year's expenditure goes to the three military services, the estimates for which were 65 millions for the air force, 150 millions for the navy, and 440 millions for the army. The war in Russia has already cost 70 millions and will certainly cost 100 millions, without reckoning costs of transport. The Irish occupation costs 11 millions a year. Although the Government, now really frightened, is attempting some reductions, it is impossible for them to achieve anything considerable without a total reversal of foreign policy for which they are not prepared. The curtailment of the air force and other minor savings which they are already announcing will almost certainly be offset by unforeseen expenditure in other directions. For it must be borne in mind that every one of the great spending departments will fight hard to preserve the right it has for several years enjoyed of dipping its hands to an unlimited extent into the bottomless purse of the public. Not yet, in spite of protestations of economy, has the Treasury succeeded in getting back the control over departmental expenditure it abandoned early in the war. Still less has the House of Commons been able to resume that power of the purse which was its historical *raison d'être,* and which has always remained the most solid source of its authority.

Meanwhile nothing is being done to reduce the service of the national debt, risen from 650 millions before the war to more than 7,800 millions. Nor is it in the least likely that any considerable cuts can be made in the civil expenditure of the year, estimated at about 500 millions, and including subsidies amounting to 50 millions for bread, 60 millions for railways, and 25 millions for unemployment relief.

The upshot of these considerations is that this year's deficit instead of being 240 millions will certainly exceed that sum by 100, probably by 200 millions, thus making a fresh addition to the debt, which must considerably exceed 8,000 millions by the end of this fiscal year. War chancellors committed themselves to national loans with a reckless audacity which appeared, to those who did not closely scan the nature of the "money" that was found, to be justified by success. If the worst came to the worst, they could, by offering good enough terms, always tempt the banks and other financial interests of the country into manufacturing enough credit to finance the ever-swelling expenditures of Government. The fact that much of this money was nothing but inflation, which robbed the poor by raising prices, did not seem to trouble anyone. The money must be got, "Rem, recte si possis, si non quocumque modo rem." But Mr. Chamberlain and the Treasury have just had a rude awakening in the experience of this last loan. Initiated with the best of objects, viz., the funding of the dangerously large amount of short-loan obligations, nearly 1,800 millions, and provision of a sufficient surplus of new money to enable the Government to carry on, it has proved a dismal failure. Though the banks were congested as never before with money available for investment, the total cash subscriptions amounted to a nominal sum of 575 millions in Funding Loans and Victory Bonds, which, reduced to terms of actual purchase, come to only 475 millions. But of this sum about 90 millions in so-called cash represent subscriptions made under government pressure by the banks upon their own account. The actual money got from genuine investors, assisted in many cases by advances made by the banks, thus amounted to less than 400 millions.

If we add to this sum the amount raised by the sale of National War Bonds before their issue was stopped, some 50 millions, and 70 millions for the probable proceeds of sales of War Saving Certificates, we get only 520 millions new money, three-quarters of which will probably be needed for meeting the year's deficit, leaving an amount of say 100 millions to be added to the 193 millions of old loans converted into this last issue for the funding operation. Such is the meagre yield of our latest effort to stabilize the mass of floating debt and other early maturing obligations.

No reasonable man can affect surprise at such a result. Why should patriotic citizens voluntarily place their private resources at the disposal of a Government whose profligate extravagance and waste are recently attested by a fresh

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

report of the Committee on Expenditure and by the common knowledge of all business men? Can anyone seriously believe promises of retrenchment made by a Government at the head of which stands the man who even before the war, when placed at the Treasury, converted it from an economizing into a spending department, and whose first lieutenant, at the War Office, is Mr. Churchill, the lavish patron of every rash military enterprise that is afoot? To place money at the disposal of such a Government, free from all restraints of Parliament or even of Cabinet, would betoken an insane credulity.

The yield of this loan may, I think, rightly be read as the clearest notice to Government that a government can possibly receive. That Government will not adjust its foreign and domestic policy to any adequate policy of retrenchment. It will not commit itself to any levy upon capital, the only feasible proposal for lightening the terrible burden of war indebtedness. It will not make any substantial addition to the income tax, the super-tax, and the death duties, the reliable large sources of annual revenue. It will not even cease the poisonous process of inflating the currency by issues of uncovered treasury notes. Meanwhile, the gap between our imports and our exports widens weekly, and our exchange duly registers the danger, which affects not only the private purchasing power abroad of our citizens, but the ability of the Government to adjust its own foreign indebtedness.

Although the chief force which must drag down this Government during the course of the approaching winter will probably be the failure to keep prices of ordinary commodities down to an appeasement point, the consciousness of an utter inability to frame a budget for the coming fiscal year will sap the resistance which the Government, supported by its huge majority of placemen and expectant beneficiaries, would otherwise be able to put forth. For even a conservative estimate of the financial situation at the end of March will disclose the complete impasse that confronts it. First, take the certain factors. The service of the debt (which will then exceed 8,000 millions) cannot be put at less than 400 millions for interest and sinking fund, even if a deduction be made for sums loaned to the Dominions. Pensions, officially estimated at 96 millions, will undoubtedly reach 100. Even were army and navy cut down to their pre-war level (an impossibly sanguine assumption) and all foreign expenditures and subsidies stopped, the post-war cost of maintaining these armaments would be 170 millions. Add 30 millions for the reduced new air force, and armaments would cost 200 millions. Thus an expenditure of 700 millions confronts us before ordinary civil expenditure is reached. That expenditure cost about 175 millions before the war, and must on account of higher cost of materials and salaries be raised to at least 300 millions. This would give an aggregate of 1,000 millions without counting either the cost of the improved services of housing, education, public health, and roads, to which the Government is more or less committed, or the subsidies to make good the deficit upon the working of the railways and to help in establishing the great new scheme of electric generation.

To raise a revenue for 1920 that shall be five times the size of the 1913 revenue must not be ruled out as a fiscal impossibility. For in all monetary measures we have been lifted to a higher level. Our aggregate national income, computed before the war at from 2,200 to 2,400 millions, may now have risen to something like 40 millions with the rise of prices and of most money incomes. But even so, to raise a revenue five times the pre-war size, and demanding taxation amounting to 5 shillings in each pound, sounds like a staggering proposal. For very little can be levied on working-class incomes, even though the present low exemption level of £130 were retained. Almost the whole of the enlarged taxation must be got from the middle and well-to-do classes in the shape of income tax, super-tax, and excess profits tax. In the last year of the war, when our total revenue reached 889 millions, income and super-tax furnished 290 millions, and excess profits amounted to 285 millions.

These figures I take as more reliable than the highly speculative estimates for this current year. If the whole of this were available for our next year's budget, we should still need 110 millions more to balance the account. But the recent reduction of the excess profits tax from eighty to forty per cent. must tell considerably upon the yield, even if no further reduction is made. It would probably be taking a favorable view to allow 200 millions for next year's yield from this source. On that basis we should have an income of a little over 800 millions, with which to meet our expenditure of 1,000 millions. A little of the 200-million deficit might be got by raising death duties, but the great bulk must be put upon the higher reaches of income. Now the resistance to a rise from six shillings to ten shillings as the basis of income tax (for nothing short of this would suffice) would make such a course impossible for a Government constituted, as this so largely is, of profiteers and their legal and political allies. Such taxation would be denounced and refused as confiscatory, and as restriction of industrial incentives. Indeed, ignoring the first of the two charges as essentially rhetorical, we cannot deny some force to the latter. In order to make the taxes on income yield what would be needed, the curve of progress would have to be so steep that the proportion demanded from the highest grades of income might well prove excessive, in the sense that it would not leave the incentive required to bring these incomes into existence, or at any rate to keep them within our taxing area. The experience of our excess-profits tax at its eighty per cent. level affords grave warnings of these dangers.

It is, indeed, the recognition of these dangers and difficulties which has brought the method of a capital levy (whether upon war-made wealth or general wealth) under serious consideration in this country. There is a strong and growing support for this emergency measure, by no means confined to the Labor Party. Large numbers of responsible business men and liberal politicians are favorably disposed to the policy and set against the grave practical difficulties it undoubtedly presents the still graver difficulties of providing the required revenue by any other method. The urgent necessity of reducing the huge burden of the debt in order that the nation may be able to pay its way as it goes along without an absolutely crushing income tax, will, I think, become more and more apparent as the fiscal situation is fairly faced. But it is hardly possible to conceive this Government facing the situation and forcing its moneyed supporters to make the necessary payments, either in the shape of increased income taxes or a capital levy. The difficulty is only one of many economic problems that existing political leadership in Great Britain seems incapable of meeting in any but an opportunist way.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A German Utopia of the Seventeenth Century

By KUNO FRANCKE

IT is a curious coincidence—or is it more than coincidence?—that in the midst of the World War there should have appeared the first English translation* of a book by a German pacifist written during the Thirty Years' War, a book which, although it remained a *vox clamantis in deserto* in its own time and among its own people, clearly belongs to the documents of human ideals whose appeal is to all ages: the "Christianopolis" of the Württemberg theologian Johann Valentin Andreæ, published in 1619.

Andreæ was one of the few broad-minded men in the Germany of the Counter-Reformation and the Thirty Years' War who could rise above the petty jealousies and fanatical hatreds of conflicting creeds. Although himself a devoted Lutheran, he had imbibed during a protracted sojourn at Geneva an intense admiration for the social and moral effects of Calvinistic institutions. Although deeply attached to his native land, he had also the widest international sympathies and was in fact one of the most active initiators of the so-called Rosicrucian Fraternity and their plans for international scientific investigation and a "general reformation" of the whole civilized world. Although a learned theologian and Bible scholar, he was also a man of the world and of practical affairs. During his pastorate at Calw in Württemberg in the twenties and thirties of the seventeenth century, he founded a mutual protective association among the laborers of the cloth-factories and dye-works of the town—an organization which exists even today, well endowed and flourishing.

He himself did not escape the horrors of the Thirty Years' War. In 1634, at the time of the sack of Calw by Johann von Werth's troops, and again four years later, Andreæ lost heavily, not only in money and landed property, but especially from the destruction of his private collection of valuable manuscripts, paintings, and other works of art. In 1639 he was called to Stuttgart as court preacher and member of the consistory. Here, for the larger part of his remaining years, his principal task consisted in helping to rebuild the ecclesiastical and educational institutions of the whole duchy, utterly shattered and disorganized by decades of incessant warfare. That the publication of his "Christianopolis," the account of an ideal state aiming at the peaceful development of all the best there is in man, should have coincided with the beginning of this most destructive war ever fought on German soil, would seem like a cruel jest upon human destiny, if we did not prefer to see in it a confirmation of the belief that the life of reason is something independent of the dead weight of material facts and that it reveals its superiority never more resplendently than in times of brutal force and blind unreasonableness.

Among the ideal commonwealths of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this book is entitled to a more important place than has been accorded to it heretofore. In power of imagination and artistic finish it falls behind its two principal models, the "Utopia" of Thomas More and Campanella's "Civitas Solis." But this defect of sensuous charm is counterbalanced by a fine spirituality of human aims which raises the brotherly city of the Protestant clergyman both above More's "Utopia," with its utilitarian justification of slavery and above Campanella's city, where marriage is only a breeding institution. For although Andreæ accepts the communistic principles that form the foundation of society in the schemes of his English and Italian predecessors, he by no means sacrifices the life of the individual to public utility; on the contrary, the raising of each individual to a higher state of efficiency, virtue, and happiness is his chief concern.

He feels deeply, as he expresses it in the preface, that the great revolt for truth fanned by "our hero Doctor Luther" has in his own time come to a standstill, that "hypocrisy has usurped the place of religion, tyranny that of civil authority, quibbling that of letters," and it is more than merely a literary conceit when he represents himself as a voyager on "the good ship Phantasy" sailing away from oppression, sophistry, and dogma, hoping to find upon distant shores what he has not been able to find at home, namely—a man. He is shipwrecked. The crew are drowned or scattered. He himself, after floating about for a long time in the raging sea, is finally carried to a small island, which turns out to be the place where Religion, the great exile, with a few hundred faithful followers, has found a refuge from the persecutions of a hostile world. It is her city, Christianopolis, into whose peaceful and happy life the fugitive from a discordant society is initiated.

What gives distinction to the description of this model city is that from beginning to end those of its institutions and organizations are emphasized which aim at the training of a free and noble humanity.

The political constitution is not, as in Utopia, an elective monarchy, nor, as in the State of the Sun, a communistic hierarchy, but, in analogy with the community life of Calvinistic Geneva, a democratic aristocracy of the spirit. And all arrangements and ordinances of private and public life in Christianopolis have the one purpose of furthering this aristocracy of the spirit. The understructure of the whole social existence is formed by what may be termed a system of universal industrial service; and both William James and the German economists who are now trying to reconstruct national labor upon this foundation would be struck with the earnestness and vigor with which this man of the seventeenth century anticipated their ideas. "Who can deny," he says, "that every citizen, in his own place and order, owes his best efforts to the republic, not merely with his tongue but also with hand and shoulder? With an entirely mistaken sense of delicacy do the carnally minded shrink from touching earth, water, stones, coal, and things of that sort; but they think it grand to have in their possession, to amuse them, horses, dogs, harlots, and similar creatures." Not so the citizens of Christianopolis. "On their coats of arms they show as symbols, not implements of fierceness and pomp, but those of humanity and work. And certain public obligations are equal for all, such as: watching, guarding, harvesting of grain and wine, working roads, building houses, draining ground, working in factories." The participation in these labors, however, goes by turns "according to age and sex," and each individual is called upon "not very often nor for a long time." The hours of labor are

* Translated by Professor Felix E. Held, and published by the Oxford University Press.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

short, and vacation periods of varying length are frequent. For "there is the greatest need that we return to ourselves as often as possible and shake off the dust of the earth, that we restock our minds with generous resolutions, and that we revive the wearied faculties of the soul and sharpen our wits." In consequence of this, a solid education is found not only with the few, but also with the majority of the artisans and laborers; and all of them bring to their tasks alacrity of mind and derive pleasure from them, since "they are not driven like pack-animals to a work with which they are unfamiliar, but have been trained long before in an accurate knowledge of scientific matters and find their delight" in applying it. And the whole town appears like "one great workshop" in which there is unfolded the freest and most variegated activity.

The "innermost sanctuary," however, of this community is the college, the "centre from which religion, justice, and learning control the whole city." And the views of life and methods of education which are carried out in this college show with particular clearness how far ahead of his age Andreæ was in true enlightenment and freedom of spirit. No sterile book learning is cultivated here. The meticulous pedantry of the grammarians as well as the pretentious wisdom of the logicians are relegated to their proper bounds. Not upon dead formulas are the scholars to be fed, but they are led to understand life in all its fulness and significance. Above all are they introduced as early as possible to the experimental method of the natural sciences. For the natural sciences open the view into the mysteries of the universe. Through them "we discover of what material things are made, what is their form, measure, place, and time; how the heavens move and how they appear; how elements mingle and how they increase; for what purpose living animals and plants exist; of what use metals are, and especially, what the soul, that spark of divinity within us, accomplishes. All these, forsooth, are very beautiful things, and it is below man's dignity not to know them." How dull and stupid are the wise men of the old school, erring about in their maze of empty abstractions and rules, without having any idea of what lives, feels, and breathes within their own bodies and round about them! And how far superior to them are the collegians of Christianopolis, whose thorough training in chemistry, physics, geometry, anatomy, astronomy, has given them a clear understanding of their own organs and their functions as well as of the great laws that control life and decay upon this earth and all the other sidereal bodies. As for astrology, the favorite science of his time, Andreæ expresses himself about the study of it with great reserve, and just in this reserve he reveals again the refinement of his moral standards. "Although astrology," he says, "is valued highly for many reasons, I could not understand, when they conversed with me on the subject, what the inclinations of the inhabitants of Christianopolis concerning it really were. At any rate, they say that it is a dangerous thing to make everything dependent on the first moment of birth and existence, and from this moment to accept judgment of life or death. And so they emphasize rather that phase of astrology which teaches how to rule the stars and to shake off their yoke if any exists."

In spite of this preëminence accorded to the natural sciences, the humanities are by no means neglected in the college curriculum of Christianopolis, and here again the emphasis is laid upon the study of what is truly living and life-giving. In language study, greater weight is placed upon the vocabulary than upon grammatical rules; and both modern and ancient languages are chiefly valued as means for enlarging the intellectual horizon by giving access to the ideas of other nations. In rhetoric, the storing up and imitating of stock phrases and glittering forms of speech is condemned as useless and puerile, and it seems an anticipation of Faust's

> Es trägt Verstand und rechter Sinn
> Mit wenig Kunst sich selber vor,

when we are told: "The thing needed here is native, inborn sense; whatever smacks of artificiality will be powerless. If one speaks truthfully, simply, and heartily, he has outdone Cicero in eloquence." Concerning history, the great "interpreter of the events of human tragedy," Andreæ finds particularly impressive words. "It is a sad thing to look back through so many thousands of years upon the tyranny of Satan, the growth of crime, the monstrous deeds of men, the hideousness of wars, the horrors of massacres, the boasting of conceit, the arrogance of wealth, the confusion of ranks, and the secrets of wickedness. All these conditions succeed each other in the world, recur often, and disturb whole ages. How comforting it is, in contrast with this, to contemplate the champions of God, the dignity of the human soul, the seed of virtue, the invincible strength of holiness!" And in entire accordance with this state of mind is what we hear about the collection of arms in the Christianopolis arsenal. "While the world takes a special glory in death-dealing engines, catapults, and other armaments and weapons of war, the people of Christianopolis look with horror upon all such deadly instruments. They have collected them in great number and show them to visitors as a warning against human cruelty and as a token of their disapproval that so much art is being wasted to contrive death, when death itself is so very near to us; that man will take such a risk to bring upon his nearest brother that at which he himself trembles; and that all this fierceness and violence is expended upon striving for things of absolutely no value."

To add to the value of life, to render the life of each individual precious for himself as well as for the community, to make it fruitful, happy, and beautiful—this is, in brief, the aim of all institutions in Christianopolis. Their highest consecration these institutions receive through the fine arts, through music, and through religion. The educational influence of sculpture and painting is summed up in the maxims that "instruction enters the mind more easily through the eyes than through the ears" and that "the beauty of outward forms makes the heart more inclined for the inner beauty of virtue." Music, which "with very few tones produces an infinite symphony," possesses "a prophetic spirit and a whole-souled harmony lifting us heavenward." Happy, therefore, Christianopolis, where paintings and statues of great men adorn all public places, where the sound of lute, violin, harp, and flute is to be heard from within all houses, and where at least once a week a chorus of the youth of the city moves with solemn, angelic song through the streets. Happy the city in which the eye, wherever it turns, sees cleanly dwellings, beautiful gardens, sunny courtyards, limpid fountains, and everywhere friendly and contented faces—living testimonies of a religion which does not frighten and damn, but educates and elevates, and which through common holding and just distribution makes the goods of this world a blessing for all those who inhabit it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Press Abets the Mob

By HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

DURING the war American newspapers with few exceptions bowed to the fashion of tolerating with complacence bodily attacks upon exponents of unpopular causes, including pro-Germans, anarchists, members of the I. W. W., and conscientious and religious objectors to war. In fact, many newspapers were made vehicles for a propaganda which could be expected to eventuate only in violence. Now that the war is over it is possible to refer, discreetly, to these intriguing inconsistencies of newspaper editors and to point out their effect upon the task of civilizing the United States. This task, made difficult by the absence of a generous public indignation quick to insist upon freedom of utterance for unpopular minorities, is made impossible when the press associates itself with the leaders of mobs.

To assist and encourage a mob you do not have to lead it in person. That involves the disagreeable possibility that you will be shot in a moment of enthusiasm or carelessness by one of your own highminded followers. All that is necessary is first to utter two or three noble sentences to the effect that violence is illegal, and you can then confess that the boys may have been right. If, by an imaginative treatment of the victim of mob violence, it is possible to make him seem a monster, an idealist, or a busybody, by so much is the case of the mob strengthened. Publication of unverified rumor and of statements by persons in the mob as fact is part of the general scheme.

A recent assault in Austin, Texas, gave our newspapers and news agencies opportunity to display the possibilities of this scheme. John R. Shillady, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, went to Texas, having telegraphed the attorney general and a justice of the peace of his intention. The journey was undertaken in order to place before the State officers of Texas full information concerning his association and to inquire why a branch in Austin had been subjected to inquisition by local officers. Mr. Shillady called no meetings of Negroes in Austin, and his conversations with officers of the branch were for the purpose of obtaining necessary information. He assured the assistant attorney general of the State and a secret "court of inquiry" before which he was haled that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People did not concern itself with the South's greatest bugaboo, "social equality" of whites and Negroes; and he made it clear that a main object of the association was to bring to an end, not to stimulate, race hatred and mob violence. Without any warning Mr. Shillady was set upon and brutally beaten by a number of persons in broad daylight on a main street of Austin, opposite his hotel. A participant in the attack was "Judge" David Pickle, who had heard Mr. Shillady's testimony before the court of inquiry.

The following dispatch is credited by *The Cleveland Press* to the United Press: ". . . The trouble started after Shilliday [sic] had been warned to leave town by a committee of citizens headed by County Judge Pickle. Shilliday was said to have admitted he urged Negroes to claim social equality with whites." *The Milwaukee Journal*, in addition to discovering that Mr. Shillady conducts a hotel in Austin, accepted without further scrutiny the charges of those who attacked him, and said in a headline "Judge Whips White Man Who Incites Negroes," which might easily prejudice Mr. Shillady's case before public opinion. For the Associated Press a prominent "fact" consisted in statements by Judge David Pickle that his victim had been "inciting Negroes to violence" and had been warned to leave Austin. The inconsistency of calling on the attorney general of a State before you begin inciting people to violence in his own city did not apparently occur to many editors. Inconsistency might be called the mother of news invention. Among the numerous newspapers which accepted the charges made against Mr. Shillady by his attackers, and published them as fact are *The Louisville Times*, *The Philadelphia Press*, whose headline said Mr. Shillady "conferred with attorney general on social equality"; *The Virginian-Pilot*, *The Petersburg Index-Appeal*, *The Kansas City Times*, which referred to Mr. Shillady in a headline as a "race agitator"; and *The Macon Telegraph*, whose headline asserted Mr. Shillady "openly advocates full racial equality," the implication to any Southerner being, of course, "social equality."

The most imaginative news account, perhaps, appeared in *The Austin American*, which said Mr. Shillady was beaten after "conclusive evidence" had been obtained that he "was holding meetings with Negroes and spreading propaganda" which the mob "calculated would foment trouble."

It is with interest that one ascends from the ruck of mere fact to the rarified atmosphere of editorial omniscience. One turns at once to the respectable *Atlanta Constitution* for a just summation of the facts and vigorous condemnation of the mob. But that journal finds "the 'direct action' methods by which a group of Texans, headed by a court judge, proceeded to rid their community of the disturbing presence of John R. Shillady . . . not without palliatory surroundings." The editor of *The Atlanta Constitution* then proceeds to invent those palliatory surroundings. "His [Mr. Shillady's] methods of procedure were to circulate among the peaceful, contented colored people, address them singly, in groups, and in their meetings [it will be recalled Mr. Shillady held no meeting in Austin] and, by recounting to them in magnified, exaggerated, and hyperbolic phrases instances of alleged atrocities committed against them by the white people, in the North as well as in the South, he sought thus to arouse their resentment, inflame their minds, and incite them to acts of violence in an imagined spirit of self-protection. That is what he was doing in Texas when his sojourn was rudely and abruptly terminated."

The Memphis News Scimitar is another journalistic pillar of society. Its editor finds that Mr. Shillady "makes a living by inciting race feeling. Every conflict he incites adds that much to his laurels as a good secretary. Shillady merely provokes outbreaks and moves on; he does not engage in them. . . . There was no apparent reason for his visit to Austin, Texas, and yet he went there, finding the people contented and their relations pleasant, and succeeded in arousing the Negroes to a high pitch of feeling. Many of them armed themselves ready to set out on a mission to redress some imaginary wrong. . . . Shillady was leading the Negroes into a shambles. It was for the protection of the Negroes, who were being drawn into a conflict without any desire on their part, that two or three white men set upon him and gave him a sound beating." With engaging candor the editor of *The Knoxville Sentinel*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is "not without some compunction of sympathy for the sentiment of the pugilistic 'Judge,' who stoutly claimed self-defence for his community and himself."

From this it is hardly a far cry to *The Athens Banner*, whose utterances are typical of what might be called the rabble among American newspapers: "The articles sent out [by Shillady] inflame the Negro to the point of believing he should enjoy all the rights of the white race and that he should be a social equal. . . . Such men as Shillady deserve to be tarred and feathered and strung up."

It is futile to draw a moral from such episodes. It is unfortunate that the incident should have occurred, still more so that it should have been misrepresented, most of all, perhaps, in that it represents a disposition to leave the approach to race relations in the hands of a mob, many of whose leaders occupy editorial chairs.

Organization or Violence?

By NORMAN THOMAS

"HEY, YOU! Get a move on! You can't stand here, and you can't walk down this side of the street either. I seen you with the pickets." The speaker was a Paterson policeman, one of the small army guarding the dye works in the morning which marked the beginning of the sixth week of the strike of the dye workers in that city. "Yes," I replied, "you saw me with the pickets, but I came from New York not to picket but to find out what was happening and to write it up." "Well," said a second policeman, "you know what happens. It's always the bystander who gets it in the neck."

Such was the inauspicious beginning of an illuminating conversation in which an increasing number of policemen shared. I learned much of the troubles of the police themselves and something of the history and politics of Paterson. Ireland also was mentioned. I heard extraordinary distinctions between picketing and unlawful assemblage. One of my informants had a vague idea that a recent law forbade all picketing in Jersey, or at least in Paterson. The striking dyers came in for a little sympathy, but on the whole they and their cause were damned because the strike was foolish and they, as "any educated man"—like myself or the police—could easily tell "by looking at them," were "ignorant foreigners." In further proof of their stupidity I was told that after every previous strike the dye workers had gone back unorganized to grovel before the bosses. (I had previously been assured that these "dagoes" needed no organization; the bosses were going to grant them the forty-four-hour week anyway!)

I have given this summary not as a text for a discussion of the psychology of the police in these days of unrest, but because of two admissions these gentlemen made; first that organization was the only way to educate the "ignorant foreigner"; and second, that the success of the Amalgamated Textile Workers in organizing these underpaid immigrant dye workers, whom the American Federation of Labor organizers had passed by as hopeless, had resulted in reducing violence to a negligible amount.

On August 4 practically all silk workers in Paterson struck for the forty-four-hour week and increased pay. Every branch of the industry but the dyers won in about a week. The 5,000 dyers were entirely unorganized. Most of them are married men with large families. They received the lowest wages—$20 or $22 per week, for dirty, disagreeable work in the unhealthy steam and vapor-laden atmosphere of the dye houses. The employers made them promises of the forty-four-hour week to take effect in October, but the great majority of the dyers still stayed out. Memory of ancient wrongs rankled; the employees of the biggest shop said that already the bosses had broken their promise and they wouldn't trust them; they were tired of being the under dogs, despised and cursed as "ignorant foreigners." Frankly they were in no pleasant mood. Men with such backgrounds when engaged in a struggle for bread and butter are not patient with "scabs" or police. They have little recourse save to furtive violence. "The dirty scab. I fix heem tonight. Take a big brick with me." This is typical of the reaction of many a man, and this kind of violence would have become commonplace save for the Amalgamated Textile Workers, who have been energetically and successfully organizing these despised laborers with their low pay and imperfect knowledge of English.

This is the union which the Paterson silk manufacturers and their political tools fought unscrupulously during the early part of the summer. They forbade all meetings of the organization, and only desisted from their illegal oppression when the high-handed imprisonment of four leaders on false charges laid the police open to possible action for false arrest. Yet it is precisely to this union that Paterson has owed its immunity from violence at the hands of the "ignorant foreigners." The strike of the dyers was not caused by agitators; it was due to no union, but to the men's own sense of grievance. The function of the union has been to organize the men; to train them through shop meetings in responsible action. They have showed them the folly of violent tactics and given outlet to their spirit by carefully organizing picketing. They have aroused the social sense and restrained the man who will "fix heem" with a brick by showing him how he will hurt not only himself but the good name of his comrades. I myself saw the power of this new spirit of orderly solidarity on an occasion when the police without warning chased a long line of slowly moving pickets from the sidewalk up a little knoll in an open field. Cool-headed leaders averted what might otherwise have been a serious riot. Just as in the general strike at Seattle the workers' clubless police kept order, so in the smaller strike at Paterson the influence of the union has been to restrain the workers from the violence the stupid policy of the police has often invited. In other words, as my friends of the police admitted, the union has been the great protector of the peace of Paterson in this strike. Why, then, do the employers fight it? Because by such a policy they will break the organization of the dye workers. They are not interested primarily in avoiding violence; they are interested in keeping their power over unorganized men regardless of the ultimate social consequences.

It is worth while understanding this local Paterson conflict, because it is typical of much of the labor struggle in America. Labor unions have plenty of faults, but one hope of comparatively peaceful social readjustment is in the growth of responsible industrial unionism as opposed to bitter and irresponsible "mass action." Say what we will, the future is in the hands of labor. It may be possible for reactionary employers and a stupid public opinion to dam the mighty currents of economic change for a time; when their temporary dam goes out, the waters that might have brought life will unnecessarily spread tragic destruction.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Church Militant

By CHARLES A. BENNETT

THE Rev. William Maynard will always maintain that the war, whatever else it may have done, produced a beneficently tonic effect upon his church. It was the means whereby the forces of righteousness in the parish were mobilized. They certainly had not been mobilized before. The Sunday services had not been well attended; not more than fifteen or twenty persons would turn out to the weekly prayer-meeting; the work of the Ladies' Aid Society had been rather perfunctory. The Rev. William, looking back, admitted that he himself had been much to blame for this condition of affairs. He had neither had "pep" himself nor been a cause of "pep" in others.

But from the moment when the country entered the war and the flags were set up in the church, everything was changed. The church became, as the minister expressed it, "a focus of the national effort." The members of the Red Cross (the former Ladies' Aid Society), now doubled in numbers, were busy from morning till night. First Aid classes, Boy Scout meetings, demonstrations of canning, Liberty Loan and thrift campaigns, kept the rooms of the church house continually full. The Rev. William, while he had some part in all these doings, found time for other activities of his own. He was frequently in demand as a speaker in the local munition factories, where (in the name of Christ) he exhorted the workers to increase their output. He offered appropriate prayers at patriotic rallies. He made visits to the nearest camp. He told the soldiers that they were privileged to take part in such a glorious cause. He said—and he meant it—that his only regret was that he was too old to fight. He organized among the Sunday School children what he semi-humorously called a Machine Gun Section, from the fact that the money they saved and collected was estimated in terms of the number of machine-gun bullets it would buy.

But if the war kept him busy, it also saved him some labor. He was now never at a loss for a theme for a sermon. Indeed it was difficult to choose from such a profusion of topics. He sounded the right militant note in one of the earliest of his war sermons. He showed that the draft did not really involve compulsion at all. A man's deeper will, he said, if he could only know it, would urge him to fight for his country; any reluctance he might feel came only from his superficial self. Thus the voice of the local board was actually the voice of the man's inner, wider, richer, deeper personality—the minister used all these words—speaking to him with all the compelling majesty of conscience. So the United States, as became the greatest democracy in the world, was giving a splendid example of a nation volunteering *en masse*.

He soon made clear his attitude toward all forms of pacifism. He chose for his text the words: "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." This was a convenient text, for the first part of it gave him an opportunity to demonstrate by the usual evidence, distributed free of charge by the Allied Governments, Germany's preparedness for war. Only the denunciatory adjectives were his own. The second part of the text contained obviously Jesus' sanction of, nay, exhortation to, war. The preacher dwelt on what he called variously the "forceful," the "virile," and the "dynamic" aspects of the character of Jesus. He repeated with unction the Master's vehement denunciations of the Scribes and Pharises; he dwelt—a little fondly perhaps—on the whip of cords; he even ventured to discern in the words about the violent taking the Kingdom of Heaven by force a reference, more than accidental, to the Allied armies and the League of Nations for which they fought. Little by little he created in the minds of his listeners the picture of Jesus as the first "fighting parson," and by contrast the pacifist emerged as a spineless and vermiculate figure.

But he was not content with the opportunities provided by the pulpit. In the pages of the parish magazine, already crowded with accounts of the manifold belligerent activities of his flock, he found room for a series of articles on War and the Christian Ethic. These were popular with his congregation because they showed that all that was necessary in order to be a Christian was to surrender to the most violent passions of the hour; and as that was just what the members of his congregation were doing they had never found Christianity come so easily to them. The Rev. William himself liked all the articles, but he had one favorite. This was called The Sublimity of Force. He considered himself to have reached a high point of genuine passion when, in the course of the article, he described a visit to the Zoological Gardens. Someone wantonly annoyed one of the lions, whereupon the animal, maddened, leaped with a roar against the bar of the cage. "It was then," wrote the Rev. William, "that I saw for the first time revealed in all its grandeur the true Sublimity of Force."

The signing of the armistice was followed by a distinct waning of Christian enthusiasm. The prospect of peace on earth failed to arouse energies corresponding in power to those elicited by the thought of a war indefinitely prolonged. What was now the use of talking about "force without stint"? Liberty Loan and War Savings drives and food conservation somehow lost their point, and you could not expect the ladies of the Red Cross to put much heart into the work of ministering to the enemy.

The Rev. William felt the change in himself. Although he made some beautiful prayers in which he thanked "the God of Peace" for having "vouchsafed peace to the peoples now long torn by the agony of war," and although he had assured his flock that the finger of God—a God of Justice, mark you—could be seen in the proposed terms of the treaty, yet he had to admit that his work had lost much of its interest and excitement. The war against the Devil, which, as he had often remarked, knew no interruptions, was somehow abstract and unreal compared to the war against the Hun.

Still, he was not wholly without an adversary; there was Bolshevism to fall back on. Here was the Devil in tangible historical form! In his sermons he attacked Bolshevism on three grounds. First, he said, Bolshevism was committed to the doctrine of the class war, and they all knew that, however great the wrongs in our present social and industrial system might be—and he was the last to deny them—the Christian solution had no room for the spirit of hatred and partisanship. No permanent reformation could be accomplished by violence. Second, Bolshevism outraged the sanctity of the family and the ideal of womanhood. Third, Bolshevism meant the abolition of private property. What more need a Christian minister say?

In addition to the moral glow obtained from denouncing Bolshevism, there was all the rather pleasant emotional

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

excitement attendant upon the setting up of a memorial to the members of the congregation who had lost their lives in the war. There was plenty of committee work, and the minister had many a "sacred" interview with parents who had "given" their sons. The day of the memorial service found him at his best. He managed beautifully to convey in his bearing the suggestion of a man who restrains the expression of profound grief only by his hold upon a masterful faith. Preaching from the text, "Is it well with the child? . . . It is well," he enlarged upon what he called "the enviable lot of our heroic dead." He drew a depressing picture of Age—weary, pedestrian, and disillusioned. Who could have wished Youth with its bright hopes and undiminished ardor to grow up to that? Better far, while the blood still ran warm, to throw one's life away, not counting the cost, for a noble cause. Yet who would be bold enough to say that these young men had indeed thrown away their lives? We must remember that it was not the quantity but the quality of life that counted, and these men had crowded more into a few passionate hours than most men into their undistinguished three score years and ten. Many people told the preacher that they had never been so moved. He was even moved himself, although he knew that his effort marked the closing episode in two years of intense living.

Still, things can never quite return to the drab tones of the days before the war. Neither he nor his congregation are likely to slip back into the old slack irresponsible ways. They have been inspired, he says, by a new ideal of Christian service. That is only one of the many blessings which he sees the war to have brought in its train. And it grieves him to hear people disparage the Christian effort in the war. This explains why he is now at work upon a series of articles upon The Alleged Failure of the Church.

"And all this time God has not said a word."

Foreign Correspondence

Union in the Balkans

Sophia, August 27

CROSSING from Serbia to Bulgaria quite lacks any dramatic elements. At the border, where the Bulgarian guard is, the countryside shows no sudden change. From Serbia into Bulgaria continue the endless fields of maize. The Bulgarians dress about the same as their Serbian neighbors and, as far as I could judge, speak about the same sort of language. My Serbian bodyguard had absolutely no difficulty in making himself understood. The Bulgarians, and this I noticed elsewhere in Bulgaria, despite protestations to the contrary, have more cattle than the Serbs, whose cattle they took during the occupation. Also the Bulgarians have more and better and cleaner rolling stock on their railroads. They are a bit smarter and more efficient. Their literacy rate runs up to about eighty per cent., while the Serbian is less than fifty. But both countries are nations of small landed proprietors and similar customs. In fact, I should say that the Bulgarians are in every way closer to the Serbs of the kingdom than the Slovenes. Yet these people have been brought up to hate each other unto death.

These are still the naïve regions where white is white and black is black and never the two shall merge in the common, fallible, human, dark grey. The bigotry of race and nationality has in Europe far eclipsed any bigotry of religion that ever existed. Torquemada had people burned at the stake for a belief or lack of belief, as a matter that could be altered by an act of the will. But in contemporary times the Peace Conference condemns people to death because they are brachiocephalic or have inherited the wrong dialect from their improvident parents. The tired business peasant in the Balkans, who just wants to live and let live, never gets a chance. There are right nationalities and wrong nationalities. And the man whose nationality chose wrongly now has to suffer. Since my stay in Europe I have become firmly of the opinion that force and violence, exercised ostensibly in whatsoever cause, cannot ever beget justice and peace and good will. But violence begets violence, and killing, even in a so-called righteous war, begets most hideous murder. This applies to the class war as well, and let my friends who are lovers of this last sort of warfare never forget that either.

The day of my arrival in Sophia had seen the coming in of the final election returns. The result was rather astonishing, and showed a very large Communist gain. The Communists are now the second largest party in Bulgaria. They have forty-seven seats. The Agrarian party comes first, with eighty-five votes, and practically runs the country, with the co-operation of a few smaller groups, the Right Socialists, with thirty members, the People's party, with 19 members, the Radicals and Progressives with 18 each. In all, this makes 159. The cabinet is coalition now, but because the Agrarians also gained, their representation in this body will be increased. The leader of the Agrarians, Stambouliski, is not highly thought of. Quite the reverse. He is a sort of Big Boss and demagogue. He is now in Paris with the Bulgarian delegation. Dragiev, the most respected member of the Agrarian party, has just quarrelled with Stambouliski and is going off on his own.

Naturally, I asked every politician I spoke to how he explained the great increase in the Communist vote. The answers were pretty uniform, except in the case of Dragiev. For the most part I was told that the returns were without significance. Dragiev did not view the situation so optimistically. He pointed out the fact that the Communists had received more than 120,000 votes; that only 40,000 of these votes were city votes; that, in other words, the peasants had begun to vote the Bolshevik ticket. Bulgaria is a land of small landed proprietors; eighty per cent. of the people belong to this class. Dragiev held that, if the peace terms proved too difficult, an overturn might be precipitated.

I now went to headquarters, to the Communist party itself. Unfortunately, both Blagouev and Kirkov, two of the leaders, had taken a run down country to recover from election fatigue. When the Communist is not shedding his heart's blood for the masses, he is much like other politicians and after election takes a rest. But I spoke with M. Kolarev, who is editor-in-chief of the Communist daily. I asked him how, in view of the strangulation of Hungarian sovietism by the blockade, he thought Bulgaria could survive as a Communist state. He answered that he knew it couldn't, but that, like the virtuous virgin, they were keeping the lamp burning and the wick trimmed. They were waiting for the spread of the revolution to one of the great countries of western Europe. His most significant statement referred to the insistence by his party that a Balkan federation be formed to avoid future wars.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This statement proved significant and startling because it was repeated by practically all the leaders of the other parties. The union with Jugoslavia seems to be the one thing that all political factions are agreed upon. In Serbia, in a less insistent degree, I heard the same thing. The form it took there was as follows: The great hope and future of the two peoples lies in closer union. Unfortunately, the Bulgarians behaved so terribly during their occupation of Serbia and such hatred has developed that the Serbian peasant will never consent to the union. Not one but half a dozen Serbian statesmen told me substantially the same thing. The Serbian Narodny party comes out openly for federation with Bulgaria. This party wants federation of all the component parts of Jugoslavia—Croatia, Dalmatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Serbia. The Democratic party, now in power, and supported largely by the people formerly under Austrian rule, is also for a limited amount of local autonomy. The old Radicals, at whose head are Protich and Pasitch, would like to centralize everything in Belgrade. Finally, some form of federation will have to be found in order to overcome trouble in Slavonia and Montenegro and salve Croat sensibilities. Under this federation Bulgaria could be included as easily as not. Comes then the question of the kings. The Bulgarian Agrarians at the present moment, so they told me, are quite ready to retire King Boris of Bulgaria. The Serbs are not quite so ready to retire their Prince, who is very popular. But the parties strong in former Austrian provinces lean a bit toward republicanism. If it came to a pinch, Prince Alexander of Serbia might abdicate voluntarily.

The only people in Serbia whom I found really intransigeant toward Bulgaria were the British and American ladies doing relief work. They are more vengeful than the Serbs. They have sunk themselves so much in Serbian relief work that they have become bitter partisans. The peasants, despite everything said to the contrary, do not feel this terrible animosity. They do not lay so much emphasis on atrocities. They are used to atrocities. Both sides commit them when they get the chance. It is the fortune of Balkan warfare, whether you endure or commit an atrocity. I did some questioning on my travelling about, and I heard much less "hate and atrocity stuff" of the Creel order in the Balkans than in New York.

Well, now to the real point. Finally, after I had heard from the Bulgarian leaders all these amiable wishes for a real federation with Serbia, and possibly Greece, at last, at a meeting held by the chiefs of the Agrarian party, I made the proposal that the Bulgarian delegation in Paris be instructed to make an offer for federation with Jugoslavia. To my astonishment I was told that Stambouliski already had instructions in Paris to make such proposal. The offer included a demand that Macedonia, which is neither Greek, Serb, nor Bulgarian, be erected into a little state within the new union. Thus the whole endless Macedonian question would be finally settled. Also the Thrace question would be solved. For unanimously I was assured that if Thrace and the Aegean coast were taken away from Bulgaria, and there were no federation, then another Balkan war was inevitable.

Belgrade, August 14

I have arrived here in the middle of a cabinet crisis. That makes it rather hard to see important public men. However, through the kindness of various persons to whom I had letters, I have been enabled to see pretty nearly everybody of importance except Mr. Protich, the former Minister-President. The seriousness of the crisis has been much overdrawn. What people outside of Jugoslavia should learn is that, the war being over, the eternal game of politics has again begun. The Old Radicals, who have been in power ever since King Peter came to the throne, recently found themselves faced by a combination of groups led by the Croat Democrats. This combination, called the Democratic Party, actually had the majority in Parliament. So Protich had to go. Thereupon Mr. Davidovich, Minister of Instruction, a prominent Democrat, took hold and has been trying to form a cabinet ever since.

But the main point of interest in Jugoslavia is still Dalmatia, and more particularly Fiume. Every minister and public man with whom I have spoken, and that includes Davidovich, expressed himself as satisfied that the country cannot live without an outlet at Fiume. Jugoslavia will have a pretty large export of agricultural products and lumber. But this export will be rendered impossible unless Fiume be a free port. I think this conclusion is so self-evident now that it needs very little discussion. But when you travel through the country and see its conformation yourself, and the direction its transportation system must take, you realize that Fiume is the one essential necessary to Jugoslav development.

Besides the Dalmatian question the next most interesting problem is that of the land. The kingdom of Serbia is a country of small landholders. So no land question exists there. But in Bosnia you had the immense feudal estates, mostly held by Mohammedans, to whom the peasants working the land had to pay about three-tenths of the actual produce. Macedonia and parts of Dalmatia were to a less extent afflicted with the same antiquated system. When the revolution came, I fancy the peasants simply stopped paying feudal dues to landlords. Then a decree on February 15 turned this into a legal status. This decree and a later decree also grappled with the other large landholdings. It fixed the principle that estates of a certain size must be taken over by the state and given to the landless peasants. The minimum set for such properties was 100 yoch in some neighborhoods where land was good, and ran as high as five hundred yoch where land was poorer. About 50,000 yoch have already been subdivided and leased to peasants. Three hundred thousand more will be subdivided this fall. The task of subdivision is not easy because the productivity of the land should not be lowered in the process. So far only the badly worked land, or the land in which there has been speculation, has been subdivided. Until a system has been worked out by which the peasant shall get, at the same time with his land, his equipment, cattle, and implements, the business will go along rather slowly.

A law is now being carefully outlined to regulate the whole matter. Imitating the Czechs, the Jugoslavs will expropriate without compensation all lands of the Austrian crown or granted to Austrian nobility by the crown. There are almost 300,000 yoch of this land. The old Mohammedan feudal proprietors will receive some compensation. So will the owners of the non-feudal latifundiæ. For these latter the scheme is a full payment for the first thousand yoch of the estate and after that a diminishing payment for each successive thousand. It is calculated that the annual payments made by the peasants for a period of thirty years will easily pay the costs of expropriation.

HENRY G. ALSBERG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To a President

By WITTER BYNNER

IF this was our battle, if these were our ends,
Which were our enemies, which were our friends?

In the Driftway

SINCE mention in *The Nation* recently of the island of Yap, and allusion to Edward Lear as having immortalized the Akond of Swat, several persons have protested that it was George T. Lanigan who found in this potentate so irresistible a target for humor. They are right, but so is *The Nation.* (We refrain from adding "as usual.") The truth is that both Lear and Lanigan took a shot at Swat—indeed Lanigan took several. Whenever Swat got into the news, he could no more resist another poem than a small boy can resist another dish of ice cream (if nobody knows it) at a church sociable. Probably Lanigan's best-known effort is "The Ahkoond of Swat," which begins:

What, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

Thus for several verses through to the succinct and sufficient concluding couplet:

The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

* * * * *

LEAR called his verses "The Akond of Swat," and began in this wise:

Who, or why, or which, or *what*, Is the Akond of Swat?
Is he tall or short, or dark, or fair?
Does he sit on a stool or a sofa or chair, or SQUAT,
The Akond of Swat?

After asking a score more questions, as frank and direct as those attributed to Wu Ting-fang when he was Chinese Minister to the United States, the poem ends:

Some one, or nobody, knows I wot
Who, or which, or why, or what
Is the Akond of Swat!

* * * * *

SPEAKING of Yap and Swat, the Drifter is reminded how once, when prowling about the Westminster district of London, he came suddenly upon a solid, dignified brick front with a radiant, brass door plate, bearing the words "Offices of the Sarawak Government." Sarawak? Where in balliwhack was Sarawak, the Drifter asked himself. He rehearsed his early geography lessons in vain. No, he had never heard of Sarawak, much less of its Government. Yet here within sound of Big Ben it was housed in a mansion with a door plate as well polished as any in London—and that is saying all one can of anybody's respectability. Very humbly, the Drifter walked away, filled with an increased sense of the length, breadth—aye, and perhaps thickness—of the British Empire.

* * * * *

THE DRIFTER has never thought of George Bernard Shaw as essentially a maker of parables or allegories, but he has lately remembered a character in one of Mr. Shaw's plays who, if not allegorical, is nothing—not even comical. It is Ferrovius, that mighty convertite and missionary and apostate in "Androcles and the Lion." "In my youth," says Ferrovius to the emperor after his apostasy, "I worshipped Mars, the God of War. I turned from him to serve the Christian god; but today the Christian god forsook me; and Mars overcame me and took back his own. The Christian god is not yet. He will come when Mars and I are dust; but meanwhile I must serve the gods that are, not the God that will be. Until then, I accept service in the Guard, Caesar." The cause of Ferrovius's downfall had been a good enough one, doubtless. With the other Christians he had seen set upon in the arena by gladiators, for the emperor's pleasure and the greater glory of the gods. He craved martyrdom, and he believed it, under the circumstances, the proper career for him. But his flesh was weaker than his spirit, or rather his sword arm was stronger than his resolution not to resist evil. And he snatched up the nearest weapon and saved himself and his companions at fearful cost to the gladiators. This had on the stage the look of comedy; for Ferrovius it was actually tragic. He had failed to keep faith with his doctrine and passion. But Ferrovius was only a barbarian. In the midst of his remorse he still believed in the Christian God who would come by and by. Meanwhile it might perhaps be better to serve Caesar and Mars.

* * * * *

HAD Ferrovius lived in the years of Our Lord 1914 to 1919 he would have thought of something better, or at least he would have had a chance to see others making themselves think it. Mars then came back to the world; he overcame almost all the Christians he drew near to, even after two thousand years of the reign of his successor. Like Ferrovius they saw themselves, some rightly, some wrongly, beset by armed men bound to destroy them. Most of the Christians, like Ferrovius, reverted to Mars, caught up such weapons as lay near, and defended themselves until the world was unspeakably red. But how many in a million had the foolish simplicity of the barbarian Ferrovius? Far from owning that Mars had recaptured them from their true allegiance, they justified their conduct with every dexterity known to the human intelligence. Christianity was, after all, an aggressive, virile, militant faith; it must put forth all its efforts against the powers of evil that everywhere seek to destroy it; if it is worth believing in, it is worth fighting for; wretched Asiatics might accept tyranny without a cry, but we would not lie down to be kicked! Self-preservation, the welkin was reminded, is the first law of nature. Poor Ferrovius! It would have mystified him. He thought that to go back to the first law of nature was to retrogress a little from Christianity. He was only a barbarian. When he had fallen from his faith he wept, but he saw it still standing, white and lovely; he did not, the barbarian, try to pull it down to his level.

THE DRIFTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Mr. Asquith's Defence

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of September 6 the reviewer of Lord French's narrative accepts with unquestioning trust the charges there made against the incompetence of Lord Kitchener and the almost criminal sloth of Mr. Asquith. In all fairness the attention of readers of that review should be called to the existence of another version of the case. Immediately upon the appearance of Lord French's book in England, Mr. Asquith himself delivered an address which not only repelled the accusations of the erstwhile commander-in-chief, but exposed the latter as a partner in a political conspiracy to undermine the Asquith Ministry. The former Premier quotes documents and letters to show that the Government was satisfying Lord French's every demand for men and supplies, that its exertions were not only energetic but successful. Mr. Asquith, speaking with deep feeling of the injury to his own reputation and that of Lord Kitchener, leaves an impression of sincerity and raises grave questions as to the trustworthiness of Lord French's story. The defence was reprinted in *The Living Age* for July 5 or 12.

New York, September 7 JACOB ZEITLIN

India's Manacled Press

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following telegram from the Press Association of India was received in London in July, 1919, and was published in a number of the London papers:

"We beg to invite attention to the repression of the Indian press under the Press Act of 1910. Since its enactment, this act has penalized over 150 presses, 300 newspapers have been called on for securities amounting to £40,000 ($200,000), and over 500 publications have been suppressed."

Of course the reliability of this telegram, coming from such a source, cannot be denied.

The Modern Review, of Calcutta (July, 1919), in confirmation of the telegram, declares that the cruel hand of the press laws is laid not merely on a few extreme and violent publications here or there, but upon "most of the best edited and most influential journals in India, conducted in Indian interests." "Even so careful and sober a journalist as Mr. Kalinath Ray has been sentenced to 'rigorous imprisonment.' Thus there has arisen a feeling of insecurity in the minds of Indian journalists everywhere, no one knowing what may or may not be written with safety."

It should be borne in mind that what India is asking for is home rule within the British Empire, home rule like that of Canada, Australia and South Africa. Why should this be punished as sedition or disloyalty? Yet it has been for this, and in most cases only this (asking for home rule), that the Government has penalized these hundreds of presses and publications.

Ann Arbor, Mich., September 20 J. T. SUNDERLAND

British Dignity in India

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following order will illustrate how, in addition to the use of machine guns and bombs from the air, and courts martial, the British in India are enforcing their authority in that country:

"Whereas it has come to my notice that certain inhabitants of the Lyallpur district are habitually exhibiting a lack of respect for gazetted European or civil and military officers of his Majesty's services, thereby failing to maintain the dignity of the Government, I hereby order that the inhabitants of the Lyallpur district shall accord to all such officers whenever met the salutation usually accorded to Indian gentlemen of high social position in accordance with the customs of India. That is to say, persons riding on animals, or on or in wheeled conveyances, will alight, persons carrying open and raised umbrellas shall lower them, and all persons shall salute or salaam, with the hand. C. G. Hodgson, Lt. Col."

New York, September 5 LAJPAT RAI

The Logophobes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on "Logophobia," in the issue of August 23, with special reference to the all but universal dread of the words "socialism" and "internationalism," could not fail to be of great interest to the few of us who differ from the many afflicted with the ailment only in our exemption from it. The vast majority of the sufferers are really worthy, practical folk, who are constantly impelled to hold down the brakes on the car of social progress by reason of the unfortunate malady best known to them as conservatism.

It is a condition that now manifests itself in many forms of industrial, commercial, financial, social, and actively destructive warfare, within the nations and between the nations. The condition is, in fact, on daily exhibition among the farms and villages, the town and city streets of monarchies and republics alike, differing not at all in its hideous features as between the two forms of police governments.

The logophobes, from Washington and Harvard to Smithville-on-the-Pike, gloss it over by the name of "private enterprise," or "self-help," or something equally neat and soothing. And they are eagerly ready to do all in their power to make it more tolerable to endure; but they will not give it a name that fits, nor try to get rid of—Anarchy.

Los Angeles, September 3 A. GEORGE

Leoncavallo's Talent

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I dare say that a goodly number of persons who read your editorial comment in the issue of August 16 on the death of Ruggiero Leoncavallo feel about it as I did.

"His output was scanty" you say. I have not at hand the complete list of Leoncavallo's works, but in addition to the operas by him which you mention, namely, "Pagliacci," "Zaza," "Cesare Borgia," "I Medici" and "La Bohème," I can add the following: "Chatterton," "I Zingari," "Maia," "Ave Maria," and the memorable "Roland of Berlin," ordered by Herr Wilhelm Hohenzollern in his Kaiser days. I must make clear, too, that "Cesare Borgia" and "I Medici" cannot be listed as you have given them, namely, as separate operas. "I Medici" is a trilogy and comprises "Crepusculum," "Cesare Borgia," and "Savonarola." This, as I have intimated, is by no means a complete list of the *maestro's* operas. He was always writing an opera! Scarcely a scanty output! I had the opportunity of meeting him when he was in America five years ago; he told me he was writing a new opera called "Ave Maria," which he *admitted* was his "best work."

Long ago the world was thoroughly convinced that Leoncavallo had shot his bolt in one opera, "Pagliacci." Therefore, I am unable to connect his impotence to create another successful opera with the "chill and constant spiritual east wind that has been blowing across the modern world for more than half a century," of which you speak. A talent such as his is scarcely affected by the spiritual.

The success of "Pagliacci"? It is easy to understand. The time was ripe for short operas. The music had—and still has, to a much lesser degree, however—melodic appeal and melodramatic intensity. But originality is nowhere evidenced in it,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and alongside its operatic bed-fellow, the Mascagni "Cavalleria Rusticana," it lacks the authentic note.

Verismo, that quality which in the nineties all the then "young Italian" opera composers, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, Cilea, Spinnelli, Giordano, Tasca, *et al.*, indulged in, had but a brief vogue. Puccini realized it and won his international fame by avoiding it. Nor have those young Italians, about whom the musical world did so much talking thirty years ago, in the belief that the mantle of Verdi had descended on one of them, fulfilled prophecies. Leoncavallo will be remembered for "Pagliacci" as long as there are full-throated singers to utter its banal phrases. You close your editorial with the baffling statement: "One is not disposed to disparage a talent like Leoncavallo's for leaving us so *little*, for producing so *irregularly* and fitfully (the italics are mine), but is thankful that it was able to produce at all." The mob is also thankful for some of the most unimportant plays that are produced each season!

Greenwich, Conn., August 27 A. WALTER KRAMER

Are There Ten Righteous?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A recent issue of *The Crisis* reproduces in part Mr. Herbert J. Seligmann's article in *The Nation*, of June 14, on lynching Negroes for the sake of "Protecting Southern Womanhood." Can ten men be found in our country to protest effectively against our national disgrace? The press is cowardly; so are the pulpit and the schools. Our country, which boasts of its Christian civilization and assumes the duty of teaching democracy to Europe, treats the Negro more brutally than any other nation treats him. Shame on us! Let white men with red blood protest.

Decatur, Ill., August 8 A CATHOLIC PRIEST

Robbing a "Sleeping Giant"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Napoleon once remarked, "China is a sleeping giant. Let her sleep." At that time the Emperor was in dire straits, but hesitated to awaken the "sleeping giant" for fear that the enemy powers, and not he, would be benefited by the awakening.

Not only do the dictates of sane idealism suggest that we remain friendly to China, but those of our more selfish interests call for such a continued policy—for friendship for China has been until recently a traditional line of our foreign policy. The Shantung arrangement is no arrangement at all—it is a rank injustice and would give the lie to our claims to being a justice-loving nation if permitted to stand.

Let us take the only course of action, so that on the day when the "sleeping giant" awakens he can point to at least one nation which did not filch his pockets while he lay asleep.

New York, September 10 LIEUTENANT

Private Property in War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Blücher, when he first visited London, is reputed to have said, "What a fine city to sack!"

We have added one more rule to our code of international law in the conduct of war. True, it may some day come home to plague us. It is that the private property of a belligerent is subject to seizure, confiscation, and sale. If in any future war, an enemy should take possession of New York or San Francisco, we cannot complain if the city is turned over to the invading army to sack and burn. We have made the law, have profited by it, and we must abide by it.

Brooklyn, September 2 H. S.

The Race Problem on the Border

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While I find myself frequently disagreeing with your conclusions, your magazine is nevertheless inspiring to those who believe in government by discussion. I wish particularly to commend your Mexican position. It was my fortune to be stationed on the Border throughout the war, and I am therefore somewhat familiar with conditions down there. I wish that someone might compile a list of the ignorant Mexicans who have lost their lives on this side of the Border and whose murderers have gone unpunished. It would be impossible to get a verdict against such crimes in Border courts, even on the unwarranted assumption that the authorities would take cognizance of them in the first instance. The cause of much of the friction between the two countries is the "hard-boiled" Texan, who invariably considers himself the equal of a hundred "greasers."

Columbus, Ohio, September 20 INGOGNITO

Preparation For What?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A labor organizer just returned from the Bremerton naval yard informs me that there are more men employed there than during the war; that care against spies is especially strict, employees not being allowed to go from one part of the yard to another except on pass; and that there is common report of preparation for war.

Do you know whether the same conditions exist in other naval bases? Has the Administration knowledge of an approaching crisis? Is it Mexico? My informant tells me that the men think preparations are being made for war, and if other yards are being worked on a war basis we should have an explanation.

Bellingham, Wash., September 3 W. H. KAUFMAN

Practical Altruism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Enclosed please find ten United States War Savings Stamps of 1919, which I have received as a prize for a suggestion for saving time and money. Will you kindly use them to educate the public to save the lives of Russian women and children by lifting the blockade? I have lost a good deal of money through the new régime in Russia, but as it was inherited, I do not feel that I have a moral right to advocate the starving of innocent babies in order to get it back. I would not even advocate setting on fire a crowded tenement in which a robber, who had taken possession of my earned wealth, had barricaded himself. Please do not trouble yourself to give me any report of how you spend this money—and I do not want any free advertisement in your straight paper.

New York, August 24 D. W.

Contributors to this Issue

JOHN A. HOBSON is one of the most distinguished among British economists.

KUNO FRANCKE is professor emeritus of the history of German culture in Harvard University.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN is a journalist who is making special studies of the race question.

NORMAN THOMAS is editor of *The World Tomorrow*.

CHARLES A. BENNETT is assistant professor of philosophy in Yale University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature

The I. W. W.

The I. W. W.; a Study of American Syndicalism. By Paul Frederick Brissenden. Columbia University: Longmans, Green & Co., Agents.

THE I. W. W. as an organization is rooted in the metal mining country of the West. One of its oldest recruiting grounds is the city of Butte, Montana, a camp of fabulous riches and indescribable external brutality. When Mr. Brissenden's "The I. W. W.; a Study in American Syndicalism" reached Butte, it was favorably reviewed by one of the belligerently "capitalistic" newspapers. This favorable review was applauded by the Butte *Bulletin*, the radical organ of the organized miners, with distinct I. W. W. sympathies. It is as if some one should write a book on Bolshevism which both Kolchak and Lenin endorsed as a fair and truthful statement of the essential facts.

Mr. Brissenden has scored this remarkable achievement because he has the fearlessness and disciplined industry of academic scholarship at its best. For ten years or more he kept at his job with dogged perseverance until every scrap of documentary evidence was before him, classified, analyzed, digested. He worked at his facts until he had so mastered them that he could get outside of them, see them objectively, marshal them dispassionately. Against the unscrupulous distortions of reactionary newspapers and against the half-baked explanation of certain liberals, Mr. Brissenden protests with vehemence, but he protests not as an advocate, not as a special pleader or partisan. He protests, in the name of scholarly accuracy and disinterested scientific truth, against falsehood, slipshod generalization, the partisan debauchery of public opinion. And it is because he has this high sense of the responsibilities of scholarship that his book not only wins the approval of the immediate parties to a bitter controversy, but also challenges the careful consideration of every member of the third party—the general public—who holds accurate information to be part of the essential equipment of democratic citizenship. At a time when organized labor is proposing the nationalization of the basic industries and their operation by the workers—a programme long familiar to the philosophers of syndicalism—critical studies like this of Mr. Brissenden's have a peculiar relevancy.

We in America are not much given to associating philosophy with the labor movement, least of all with the unskilled and wayfaring workers to whom the I. W. W. makes its special appeal. That is an impractical habit which we set down as among the senile misfortunes of distraught European peoples. We like to think of ourselves as men of action, up to the scratch with practical realities, prepared and capable of dealing with situations as they arise. Creeds and sickly philosophies we put behind us when as an adolescent nation we broke away from the tutelage of New England. That, perhaps, is one reason why proposals like labor's plan for the future operation of the railroads strike us as such a surprising novelty. It is said that even the formulators of the Plumb plan had never heard of guild socialism, nor knew that there was a rich literature on the subject even in matter-of-fact England. As for Bolshevism and the dictatorship of the proletariat, these are almost universally regarded as fevered emanations of an incomprehensible Russian red terror. That our own American West might have given rise to them as well as Romanoff Russia would seem to ninety-nine Americans in a hundred an utterly fantastic notion. And yet Trotzky is reported as giving to an American, one of the founders of the I. W. W., credit for contributing to the philosophic formulation of the Soviet idea. We may prefer to live like the lilies of the field, taking no thought of the morrow, but we are not immune to the economic and spiritual forces that course through the world. However averse we may be to philosophizing, we shall, as Mr. Brissenden insists, be obliged by the force of events "seriously to study the question of the sufficiency of political democracy . . . not least the question of democracy versus despotism in our economic and industrial life." It is because the I. W. W. have given serious thought to this question and have worked out a programme of reconstruction fundamentally in line with the reconstruction programme of the British Labor party, of our own railroad workers, and of our coal miners, that Mr. Brissenden has thought it worth his while to devote a volume to their philosophy and its documentary history. And the philosophy which the I. W. W. have elaborated, especially in this keenly critical analysis of it, throws a great deal of highly useful light upon the forces at work beneath the troubled surface of our present industrial situation.

It is this immediate relevancy that constitutes the special value of the present volume. Dipping back into the revolutionary period in British trade unionism during the second quarter of the nineteenth century, uncovering at a few essential points the roots of syndicalism in the creed of the English Chartists, following the revolutionary idea through certain of its obscure early manifestations in France, among our own Knights of Labor, in the left wing of American socialism, Mr. Brissenden reveals the programme of the I. W. W. as a considered philosophy which has influenced and still profoundly influences more men than give it conscious adherence. With the ethics of that philosophy he is only secondarily concerned. He is careful to keep the record free from his own moral judgments. He has made it his business to run down the germinating idea to the point where it first took definite lodgment in the minds of men and to trace its growth there as a scientist would trace the growth of the atomic theory. Its evolution in Europe he only touches upon; his volume is almost exclusively devoted to its American manifestations. He has followed the syndicalist idea wherever it has projected itself into the world of craft unionism, through its conquest and loss of the Western Federation of Miners, its vain attempts to penetrate the American Federation of Labor—wherever it has left documentary traces. His bibliography is a delight for completeness and convenient arrangement.

Having said so much in appreciation, it seems ungracious to make reservations or to stress the limitations of Mr. Brissenden's study. But the book does have the defects of its qualities. What these defects are will appear at once to the reader who is familiar with such studies as those of the late Carleton H. Parker, especially of his report on the Wheatland Riots in California ("The California Casual and His Revolt," published in *The Quarterly Journal of Economics*, November, 1915) and his address on "Motives in Economic Life" before the American Economic Association. Parker, unlike Mr. Brissenden, was not greatly concerned with the documentary side of the story. He was concerned with states of mind, with environmental conditions that produced certain states of mind, and with the activities resulting from specific psychological stimuli. Mr. Brissenden, for instance, after referring to the Western Federation of Miners as the chief precursor of the I. W. W., devotes a few sentences to the "terrors of Coeur d'Alene, Cripple Creek, Leadville, Salt Lake, and Telluride." He says nothing about the character of any of these mining camps as human habitations, nothing about processes of mining, the administrative organization of the metal mining industry, or the psychological effects of all these upon the men who go down into the stopes and drifts. Parker had worked in the mines, and what he learned from his own instinctive and psychological reactions seemed much more significant to him than what he could learn from print. Given such conditions as he found in the mining camps, and his knowledge of the psychological traits of human nature, and he could account for the philosophy, tactics, and behavior of the I. W. W. as a direct outgrowth of their manner of life. To him the influence of imported doctrines was at most that of a precipitate. He saw the Wobblies as a natural efflorescence of specifically American conditions. Under those conditions a movement fundamentally identical with syndicalism must have resulted even if syndicalism as a doctrine had never been heard of. To Mr. Brissenden, syndicalism would appear to be something transcendental, an idea dropped out of space, taking possession

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of certain minds by a certain mysterious caprice. In spite of his devotion to facts—to a certain type of facts—Mr. Brissenden's method is essentially that of the classical metaphysician rather than that of the modern experimental psychologist. To read Parker is almost to live and feel with the hobo mucker and the homeless lumber jack, and to live if only for a fortnight in a typical mining camp is to get closer to the mainsprings of American syndicalism than all the documents in the world. Mr. Brissenden's book would have been doubly valuable if he had devoted half of it to an intimate description of life in Butte or Telluride or Cripple Creek or in the lumber camps of Washington or Alabama. Episodes like the Bisbee deportations have probably had more to do with the growth of labor radicalism of the syndicalist variety in America than the entire literature of Chartism, French syndicalism, or, indeed, the literary output of I. W. W. propagandists. The difference between the methods of Parker and Mr. Brissenden is the difference between autobiography and history, between psycho-analysis and anatomy.

But it would be not only ungracious but unjust to press the point too far. In their present stages of development the science of anatomy has distinct advantages, especially in the matter of precision, over the psycho-analytic sciences. What Mr. Brissenden has given us is only one part of the story of syndicalism in America, the abstract, documentary, anatomic part. But that is what he set out to give us. And what he set out to do he has done with workmanlike and scholarly thoroughness.

Light in the Darkness

The Blind. By Harry Best. The Macmillan Company.
Victory Over Blindness. By Sir Arthur Pearson. George H. Doran Company.

Mr. Best's "The Blind" attempts to present what has hitherto been wanting, an "examination of the blind and their estate from the point of view of the social economist." The examination is limited to this country, but within this limit it is a very detailed and comprehensive piece of work. Basing his calculations upon the last census and upon State reports, Mr. Best estimates the number of blind men in the United States at about 70,000, of whom by far the greater part are economically dependent. Only 16.8 per cent. of them are wage earners, and only about 12 per cent. of those over twenty years of age are self-supporting. The total economic loss to this country through blindness amounts, he reckons, to the huge sum of $31,000,000 per annum. His conclusion, however, that more than half of the present blindness springs from preventable causes, and that with increased prophylactic measures against disease and more stringent precautions against accidents in industry the present number of the blind may be materially reduced, affords ground for hope. Educational opportunities for blind children, he thinks, are on the whole fairly satisfactory, but much still remains to be done for the education and training of the adult blind. Asylums, he believes, should be restricted to infants and to the aged and indigent. As to state pensions or state indemnities, the latter method seems to him preferable. He has little hope for the general employment of the blind in regular factories or shops, and little faith in special industrial establishments for the blind, which in his judgment deserve support only upon the ground that they afford to the blind at state expense the blessing of toil. In view of the great advances made in the training of the blind during the last few years, and particularly in view of the increasing interest in the work for and of the blind, such conclusions are perhaps somewhat hasty and pessimistic.

No more striking testimony as to the success possible with the blind under wise, sympathetic, and courageous direction can be imagined than that presented in Sir Arthur Pearson's fascinating story of St. Dunstan's, the London hospital for the blinded soldiers and sailors of the British Empire.

Sir Arthur, owner and manager of a chain of English newspapers and magazines, a few years ago found his eyesight gradually failing, and shortly before the war became completely blind. With the determination and energy that had marked his business career, he set out to live as active and independent a life as possible. At the outbreak of the war he was president of the National Institute for the Blind, and with the return of the first wounded to England the idea came to him of a home where those who had lost their sight could "learn to be blind." "That phrase meant much more to me," he says, "than mere instruction in some industry. It involved a mental outlook"; and it is exactly this new outlook on life that constitutes Sir Arthur's peculiar gift to the blind. It may be summed up in a word, his own, by saying that he taught them to look upon blindness "not as an affliction but a handicap, not merely as a calamity but as an opportunity."

What this opportunity was and how completely the handicap was overcome is written in detail in Sir Arthur's book. Blinded soldiers were first visited in the hospitals and persuaded to come to St. Dunstan's for residence and training. There every effort was made to reinstate them in "normal life." Sport of all kinds was a characteristic of the institution. Blind men learned to row, to paddle a canoe, to swim, and run races. They learned to dance, had impromptu dances on the lawn before the house, gave regular balls to the nurses and girl assistants, and celebrated at least one grand costume ball. They attended concerts, plays, and musical comedies, and staged and performed a revue of their own. The one impression that every visitor carried away with him was that of the spontaneous and inextinguishable cheerfulness of the blind inmates.

But St. Dunstan's was something more than an association of the blind living happily together. It was also a school of inspiration. And this inspiration was due primarily, of course, to Sir Arthur himself. It is one of his firm beliefs that blindness, so far from impairing, actually improves the human mind, for the simple reason that many of the actions of daily life, automatic on the part of those who can see, demand close and concentrated thought from the blind. The increased necessity for exercising the memory also proves a valuable mental stimulus. Acting on this theory Sir Arthur led his pupils triumphantly to the accomplishment of almost incredible tasks. Teachers from other schools for the blind admitted that at St. Dunstan's men learned in six to nine months what it would take them years to learn elsewhere. Every man at St. Dunstan's was expected to take up the difficult study of Braille at once. Most of the scholars passed tests in it in five or six months, one brilliant pupil in four weeks. They were also taught to read and keep accounts in Braille, and for purposes of ordinary correspondence to use the typewriter: not only to use it but to care for it, to oil the machine and replace a worn ribbon. Thanks to their careful instruction in modern business methods many graduates of St. Dunstan's are now filling positions as stenographers, private secretaries, sales managers, and so forth. A blind pupil of Sir Arthur's, Captain Ian Frazer, who contributes a chapter to this book, has charge of the complicated business of the settlement and the after-care of the pupils; another has been called on by the Canadian Government to take charge of similar work in Canada. A blinded officer has become an active lawyer in the Temple, another is working in the Foreign Office, a blind clergyman has a country parish.

These it may be said were exceptional cases, men of unusual ability before they lost their sight. But it must be remembered that the majority of the men at St. Dunstan's were from the rank and file of the British army, too often illiterate and ill-trained, without any fixed trade or calling. Sir Arthur's success with these is no less surprising. From the beginning he fixed on eight trades and occupations as most suitable for the blind: massage, telephone-operating, stenography, poultry-farming, joinery, mat-making, cobbling, and basketry. By December, 1918, some 600 men, nearly half of those who had entered St. Dunstan's, had acquired a full mastery of one of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these and were settled and profitably employed, earning at times far more than they had received before they lost their sight. Only about four per cent. of the whole number proved incapable for one reason or another of self-support. In massage especially the pupils of St. Dunstan's have distinguished themselves.

One of the most important features of St. Dunstan's is its elaborate provision for the settlement and after-care of its pupils. The blind soldier who has learned a trade is not thrust out of doors at the expiration of his apprenticeship to make his own way in the world. He is carefully placed, at his own home if possible, provided with the tools of his trade, and given the opportunity to buy raw materials at cost price. Central shops have been established for the sale of articles made by the blind, so as to assure them a permanent market; and up to the present the public demand for these goods has been greater than the supply. The whole country has been divided into districts, each with its resident agent charged with paying a monthly visit to every St. Dunstaner within its bounds and reporting on his health, success, and so forth to the General Office.

The amazing and immediate success of St. Dunstan's is due no doubt in large part to the personality of its director, but one hesitates to believe that the personality even of Sir Arthur Pearson is unique. His principles can be adopted and his methods followed, as is already being done in Canada. The work that he has done for the blinded soldier can be extended, there is every reason to believe, to those who have become blind in civil or industrial life. As is the case with all others suffering from physical handicaps, it is not pity that the blind need, but cheery encouragement, personal attention, wise aid, and prudent management.

Russia's Ruin

Russia's Ruin. By E. H. Wilcox. Charles Scribner's Sons.

TO write a book about the Russian Revolution that is well-informed, intelligent, and fair is in the present year of grace no ordinary achievement. This is what Mr. E. H. Wilcox has done in the volume which he calls "Russia's Ruin." Mr. Wilcox is a journalist, having served as the Petrograd correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, and to his journalistic training may be due the effectiveness of the book as narrative. Taking advantage of the intensely dramatic characters and incidents in which recent Russian history is so prolific, he has composed some chapters of absorbing attractiveness. But while he does not overlook literary effect, his great merit is that he does not write for the sake of it. He is the historian far more than the journalist. He begins with a knowledge of the Russian language and Russian conditions. He selects salient features, episodes, and persons, and by his method of analysis succeeds in producing a truthful impression of the situation in general. His statements are based on authentic documents, such as the proceedings at the trial of Sukhomlinov, the record of Burtzev's investigation of the secret police, or the public hearings following the Kornilov episode. All established facts are carefully sifted from hearsay and wild gossip, and judgments are passed with moderation and reserve. This may seem a gratuitous emphasis of virtues that should be taken for granted in historical writing. But so fragmentary, distorted, uncritical, and irresponsible have been most of the narratives about Russia published in the last two years by newspaper correspondents that many readers, unless they were properly reassured, might look with distrust upon a volume entitled "Russia's Ruin" and written by the correspondent of a none too liberal British newspaper.

The story which the book has to tell falls into two parts, the first dealing with the character of the Czar's government as it was exhibited in the conduct of the War, the second with the Revolution up to the forcible dismissal of the Constituent Assembly. The corruption and inefficiency of Russian bureaucracy is by this time more than a twice-told tale, but the indictment gains in impressiveness and picturesqueness under the pen of Mr. Wilcox. The world will never cease wondering at the gallery of incredible rogues and impostors, fools, villains, and debauchees who were allowed to manipulate the destinies of two hundred million souls at the most critical moment in the nation's history. The case of Sukhomlinov is best known because of his celebrated trial, but his fault, which appears to have been only criminal laxity in administering the War Office, is virginal blamelessness when compared with the actions of the traitor Myasoyedov, the blackmailer Manouilov, the incredibly stupid Protopopov, and the unutterably vile Rasputin, to mention only a few of the prominent malefactors. It is like emerging from an Augean stable into an unpolluted, exhilarating mountain atmosphere to pass from this group to the men of high honor, pure ideals, and selfless motives who succeeded them in power. If the dream of Kerensky was brief, it was glorious, and it inspired some of the noblest actions and most heroic sacrifices of the five horrible years. Kornilov, in his way, is an equally moving figure. Yet we cannot go as far as Mr. Wilcox in exonerating him from blame. Whatever his ultimate purpose may have been in sending his troops against Petrograd, there can be no doubt that he was using the power entrusted to him by the government in order to exert pressure on that government and to influence its plans in accordance with his wishes. If it was not sedition, it was grave insubordination and merited punishment. The charge against Kerensky of double dealing with Kornilov has been satisfactorily refuted by Kerensky in his recent book, as Mr. Wilcox admits in an appendix.

Practically new to most readers will be the chapters that describe circumstantially the system on which the Russian secret police operated, and the thoroughness of the post office espionage. Those who have not read Dostoevsky's novel, "The Possessed," where they might have learned of the bewildering possibilities of spying and counter-spying, will, doubtless, be shocked and puzzled to learn that Lenin's Bolshevist faction was enjoying the protection and patronage of the Czar's secret police in the years just preceding the war. In 1911 there were five groups of Social Democrats, of which the one led by Lenin was the most extreme. These groups decided to have an All-Russian conference and designated agents to arrange for the election. "Whereas the emissaries sent by Lenin to arrange for the election of delegates to the conference were allowed to travel at their pleasure through Russia, and to hold their meetings undisturbed, the agents of other groups were arrested the moment they crossed the frontier, and were consequently unable to carry out their missions" (p. 227). Mr. Wilcox does not infer from these facts that Lenin was playing the Czar's game. He even does not believe that he was playing the Kaiser's game. He thinks the Sisson documents "will always remain a monument of that paralysis of the critical faculties which seems inseparable from a state of war" (p. 248), and that "complicity in the designs of William II and Ludendorff is about the only form of wickedness with which Lenin and his chief assistants cannot fairly be charged." The latter statement should make it clear that he is not speaking out of a prejudice in Lenin's favor. As a matter of fact, he gives it as his opinion that socialism is "the most dangerous of all the delusions under which masses of men and women have suffered," and that Bolshevism is the worst form of socialism. Yet he is candid enough to remark that a conclusive judgment of the Bolshevik régime must await the results of experience, and that till these are apparent one cannot say definitely that its theory is either right or wrong. At any rate, so trustworthy does Mr. Wilcox show himself in the treatment of facts in the present book that we should give respectful attention to what he has to tell us about developments in Russia subsequent to the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly. The interest of what went before is already largely academic; it is on the subsequent events that we urgently need illumination.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arthur Symons and the Elizabethans

Studies in the Elizabethan Drama. By Arthur Symons. E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE series of essays collected in this volume covers, in date of composition, nearly the whole of Mr. Symons's career as a critic, for the earliest appeared first in 1885 and the latest in 1907. The article on Massinger is the introduction to the selection of plays by that dramatist in the well-known "Mermaid Series," that on Middleton and Rowley is reprinted from "The Cambridge History of English Literature," and the essay on "Macbeth" appeared in Mr. Symons's "Studies in Two Literatures." The bringing together of these essays on nearly allied subjects is commendable and convenient and illustrates once more the range of Mr. Symons's literary interests. From the point of view of style, the text, as comparison with the original separate articles shows, has been thoroughly revised; but in certain cases statements of fact have not been brought up to date. "The Birth of Merlin," which Mr. Symons says has never been reprinted, is now accessible in Professor Tucker Brooke's "Shakespeare Apocrypha"; Rowley's "All's Lost by Lust," concerning which a similar statement is made, was included some years ago in the section of the "Belles-Lettres Series" devoted to the English drama. Other small errors are attributable to careless proof-reading—"The Old Land" instead of "The Old Law" as the title of one of Middleton's plays, for instance.

All but three of the essays are devoted to various individual plays of Shakespeare, and of the ten Shakespearean essays two are strikingly different from the rest. These two deal with some of what may be called the technicalities of scholarship. A study of "Titus Andronicus" considers by the way some of the characteristics of the "Tragedy of Blood" (Mr. Symons does not seemed to have grasped the vendetta-motive that is an integral portion of such tragedies), but centres in the problem of authorship, his conclusion being that founded upon the tradition, first recorded by Ravenscroft, that Shakespeare gave only some "master-touches" to the work of an otherwise unknown writer. That the original author was Greene or Marlowe Mr. Symons refuses to believe. The article on "The Question of Henry VIII" leads to more questionable conclusions, though it is fair to add that Mr. Symons declares himself unable to speak here "with the enviable assurance of one whose mind is fully and confidently made up." He follows Fleay, Furnivall, and Boyle in accepting Fletcher as the author of the so-called non-Shakespearean portions of the play, but parts company with the two former scholars by refusing, with some hesitation, to admit the Shakespearean authorship of the remainder, while accompanying Boyle only to the length of admitting that Massinger may possibly have been Fletcher's collaborator. This view of the matter is, of course, not that generally taken.

More characteristic of Mr. Symons's usual methods of criticism are the other papers on Shakespeare. In dealing with undoubtedly genuine plays he sets aside all problems of date, authorship, style, and the like. He belongs to an older school than that of the academic critics of today, possibly less profound but certainly more refreshing. He harks back to the methods of the Romantic critics; remarks by Coleridge are quoted frequently in his pages. The essays are a series of character-studies often, as in the case of those of Lady Macbeth and of Imogen, of that discriminating subtlety that is Mr. Symons's finest gift as a critic. Perhaps the most interesting of all is the essay on "Measure for Measure," because in it we are able to compare the writer's sympathies with those of his acknowledged master, Walter Pater. In the disciple's criticism there is no sign of that uneasy, half-morbid sympathy with Claudio that came so naturally from the creator of Gaston de Latour and Emerald Uthwart.

Of the three papers on minor dramatists—Massinger, Day, and Middleton and Rowley—it is unnecessary to speak in detail. All are easily accessible in the places of their original appearance. With regard to the last named essay it may be remarked that the possession of gifts of style and imagination have not forced Mr. Symons to forfeit the solid though less picturesque quality of scholarship. The essay is one of the score or so of thoroughly admirable chapters in the ponderous, learned, uneven work in which it was first published. On the whole, there is little that is "new" in this volume. Many lovers of Shakespeare and his fellows have thought these things; some have said them; but few have said them so well. That is the distinguishing excellence of this, as of nearly all of Mr. Symons's work as a critic—the excellence of style.

Thrillers

Dope. By Sax Rohmer. Robert M. McBride and Company.
Simon. By J. Storer Clouston. George H. Doran Company.
Sorcery. By Francis Charles MacDonald. The Century Co.
The Chinese Puzzle. By Marion Bower and Leon M. Lion. Henry Holt and Company.
The Doings of Raffles Haw. By A. Conan Doyle. George H. Doran Company.
The Secret of the Tower. By Anthony Hope. D. Appleton and Company.
Drowned Gold. By Roy Norton. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Silver and Gold. By Dane Coolidge. E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE minstrel who sang of the adventures of Odysseus at the board of Alcinous and the Germanic singers who told the tales of Beowulf and of the Nibelungen had not to weave the actions which formed the substance of their song. No writer of epic narrative, from the heroic poets of antiquity to the humble authors of the chap-books, had to invent his own fable. The contemporary teller of tales, the direct descendant of these, practices a new, intricate, and unheard-of art. Since the old tribal legends are forgotten, and men, like the Athenians, desire to hear new things, the contemporary teller of tales must expend all his energy upon the building of an action. The old minstrels dealt with remembered and familiar themes. They could fix their attention on character, on wisdom, on beauty. The modern inventor of stories has other tasks.

Now, first-rate minds are rarely strong in invention. The great creators have generally taken their fables ready-made. The true artist among us writes the novel of observation and analysis. Only now and then will the tale of adventure find a talent which, like Stevenson's, can add character and beauty to the building of a plot. The strong point of the contemporary teller of tales must be ingenuity, and ingenuity is hostile to most of the higher qualities of the creative temper. Nor is this all. The ingenuity which may be fresh and spontaneous at the beginning of an author's career, becomes overdriven and jaded as the years go on and as each year demands of the poor man at least one tale, which, as a certain publisher puts it with naïve and happy completeness, "moves with breathless speed to a conclusion as astounding as it is pleasant."

What a demand to make upon a mind! Is it any wonder that, in the feverish pursuit of novelty of action, the other elements in such tales all tend to become conventionalized? The conventionalization is not such as the old epic habit of repeating an appropriate or lovely phrase or epithet. A hard, formal manner of speech prevails, a false knowingness and worldliness; various narratives are punctuated by the same lean and shallow humor; the puppets can be strictly classified according to recurrent types. There is the gallant youth who wins the treasure or the girl, or both, or stumbles upon the mystery; there is the girl who has no characteristics and is not supposed to have any; there is the misguided man of high social station, the dour lawyer, the subtle detective, the stupid or, occasionally, the whole-hearted and dogged police-official; there is the villain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The latter, by a pleasant tribal convention, is usually (not quite always) a foreigner.

But even as a constructor of fables our teller of tales, if he writes in English, is like a dancer in chains. Not only must his ending be a happy one. He must ultimately save every character except some quite black one. Whoever is not irredeemable must reform. And since the public wants to read about crime, but also to lay down the story with the impression that this world is the best of all possible worlds, there must not be more than one irredeemable character—the foreigner, if possible—to a volume. Our story teller must also deny himself, as sources of plot interest, all the curious and mysterious situations that might and do, in very complex societies, arise from the relations between the sexes. He dares not emulate Gaboriau. All women—unless they have a strain of foreign blood—must be "good." What is left? Murder, hidden treasure, stolen documents. Whenever the ingenuity of an author succeeds in varying this stock material, his tale may be accounted as successful in its kind. This criticism, it will be observed, is not aimed against the kind, which is honorable and desirable and necessary, but against the poverty of its contemporary examples. It is hard to be put off with feeble and ugly substitutes for the hoard forever hidden in the Rhine, for the blowing of the horn of Roland.

Mr. Sax Rohmer's inventiveness is still fresh and energetic; he has a touch of imagination and adds a new circumstance to the annals of crime in fiction. The exotic villains have uncommon vividness and the great syndicate in noxious drugs is strongly conceived and furnishes a credible source of complications. A few of his episodes—and this is rare—have independent value and do not merely contribute to the swiftness of the tale. Mr. J. Storer Clouston has a rough vigor but invents less happily. His portentous mystery of murder ends somewhat feebly with an explanation through what may be called the Dromio device of fraternal resemblance. Mr. Francis Charles MacDonald leans heavily on the exotic, but is, upon the whole, the most original story teller of the group. He draws upon ancient and cruel superstitions of the Hawaiian islanders for the exciting cause of his action, and lends the people and the scenes of his brief narrative a certain glow and stir. "The Chinese Puzzle" deals with international intrigue, stolen documents, the villainies of diplomacy (alien diplomacy of course), and the glitter of smart society. The book has an air of accomplishment and ease which, on the technical side, sets it somewhat above the others. "The Doings of Raffles Haw" will be a disappointment to the lovers of Sherlock Holmes. Two of the famous old stories are used to pad the volume. But the doings of Raffles Haw, who realizes the dreams of the alchemists and transmutes base metals into gold through electro-chemical action, are pale and limp compared to the older inventions of the author. A similar disappointment is in store for those who admired the unquestionable dash, verve, and brilliancy of Mr. Anthony Hope's Zenda stories. A treasure in a tower, a false suspicion, a madman, and a stereotyped happy ending are all that Mr. Hope has left. It is hard to believe that this book is by the hand that once wrote "Rupert of Hentzau" and "The Dolly Dialogues." "Drowned Gold" is, of course, a yarn of sunken treasure, an American mariner, a lovely girl, and a German villain. We shall probably see endless submarine-sunken-treasure yarns. This one is not without strength or a breath of the sea upon its pages. "Silver and Gold" treats of love and psychical mystery and a Western mining camp and the now obligatory "danged Dutchman," and is called "inimitable" by its publishers. Unhappily it is not. There will be others, neither better nor worse.

These eight stories are, however, so far as the time and strength of one limited individual permit him to discern, the best of an unending and baffling stream of such books that pours from the presses of nearly every publisher in the country and, as it deluges his desk, threatens the life and reason of the unoffending reviewer.

Books in Brief

"THE simple truth . . . as impartial as truth can be" is the modest and engaging inscription which the publishers have placed on the jacket of "Bolshevik Aims and Ideals" (Macmillan), two articles reprinted from *The Round Table*. For the first article the claim is made with some justice. It describes accurately and usefully the principles of Bolshevism with a view to showing how it differs from other forms of socialism, and it emphasizes the senselessness of confusing it with every movement of liberal reform. But the prejudice of the writer appears in his refusal to believe that it is possible for the Bolsheviki to soften in any way the rigidity of their maxims. Any modification of their extreme position, any concession to their opponents or enemies, is an insincere subterfuge and to be repudiated at the first opportunity. Not only are they lacking in elementary honesty; they are masters of a propaganda more diabolic in its effectiveness than that of the Germans. They are credited with an infinitely better knowledge of labor conditions in foreign countries than is possessed by any other Foreign Office. In the second paper, a sketch of the struggle of the various Russian factions against the Bolsheviki, the facts are so garbled and obscured and falsified (we cannot say whether deliberately or through ignorance) that they might shake the faith even of the Russian Information Bureau. The Union for the Regeneration of Russia is represented as a purely socialistic body; nothing is said of associations of former officers and of monarchist groups that were affiliated with it. The popular uprising against the Bolsheviki and the sudden facing about of the retiring Czecho-Slovak troops are treated as spontaneous; not a word about the activities of French officers in stirring up and fomenting these movements. The Government of Archangel, we are told, reflects the wishes of the population; not a suspicion of its being maintained and controlled by British armed forces. Kolchak's seizure of power is justified with every argument of his own partisans, and he is credited with glorious military success, with achievements in statesmanship, and with universal popular support; there is not even a hint that any of his actions, not to speak of motives, have been questioned either at home or abroad. Finally, we may note the writer's opinion that the Bolshevist system, which has been established by the power and ingenuity of one man, is crumbling, and that its authors are unable, either by threats or cajolery, to reinstate it in popular favor or stem the growing resistance of the Russian people to them and all their works. If this is really the simple truth about Bolshevism, what need for its opponents to grow frantic and terrify others with a fading shadow?

THE French Ministry of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts has rendered a valuable service to education in making possible the publication of "French Educational Ideals of Today" (World Book Company). Although the standard works on French education give us much information regarding its administration and organization, they do not succeed so well in enabling the foreign student to appreciate the spirit of the French school as does this new "Anthology of the Molders of French Educational Thought of the Present," edited by Ferdinand Buisson and F. E. Farrington. It is true that the majority of the extracts are devoted to lay education and moral instruction, chiefly in the elementary schools, but it is equally true that these questions are still dominant in French education. When it is remembered that moral instruction in the French schools covers a great part of what is included under civics and training for citizenship, the editors may be pardoned if they have not given more attention to problems of secondary education. The more light we can get on the results attained in both these fields, the better for the classification of our own thought and practice. For France the real test of her laicised school system, with its emphasis on moral instruction, came in 1914, and the war substantiated the claim made by Jules Ferry (in a letter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

written in 1883 to the Primary Teachers of France) "that a few generations hence the habits and ideas of the populations among whom you have worked will attest the good effects of your lessons in moral instruction." The difficult problem of training in civics raises the still more difficult question of the teacher as a propagandist, a question very ably answered by Jaurès. "Does this mean that the schoolmasters should become preachers of socialism and that they should bring outside propaganda into the school? That would be flouting all educational method, since it would be putting before children mooted questions which neither their theoretical instruction nor their experience in life would permit them to solve." Perhaps the most striking feature of the volume is the active interest displayed in the humdrum work of the classroom by men whose names are here better known in politics (Jaurès, Clemenceau, Leygues, and Painlevé) or in the field of scholarship (Durckheim, Boutroux, Croiset, Lanson, and others), all giving testimony to the conviction, as expressed by Albert Dumont, "that the heart of the fatherland should beat in the school." It is a far cry from a volume like the present, instinct with the idealism and vision that should permeate the school, to the statistical preoccupations of most of our own educators.

THE budget, almost universally approved by our legislators in principle, has, until recently, been strangely neglected; but a more lively comprehension of public finance by the voting public may, at an early date, cause the budget to become a reality, and a number of bills have already been introduced into the present Congress for the purpose. The budget is even being urged by Senator Penrose as a method of national economy! While the vague popular approval of the budget system should be encouraged, it should also be enlightened, and there are few books better suited for this end than "Budget Making in a Democracy," by Edward A. Fitzpatrick (Macmillan). Yet the work, which appears as a volume in the new series of "The Citizens' Library," edited by Professor Richard T. Ely, has an interest for those already conversant with budget problems. The use of such a system in connection with proposed plans of social reorganization is described, and the relation of centralized, responsible financial authority to democratic control is analyzed. Most novel of all, perhaps, are certain points which Dr. Fitzpatrick raises when he shows the barely realized situations which may arise under a budget system in connection with the judiciary. Some will perhaps question the extreme conclusions which he reaches, but a study of this part of the book may revive hope in the breasts of those who regard our courts as the prime bulwark of reaction.

AT one period in the development of this country the agricultural vote was practically omnipotent and national policy was framed accordingly. Now that the free government land is virtually exhausted, however, and the political influence of the rural districts is not predominant, our attention is drawn more often to the interests of the industrial worker, who is the consumer of the farmer's produce, and more is being said and written about labor's programmes and problems than about those of agriculture. It is true, also, that in general agricultural discontent has lessened during the last few years. But a work such as that of Kenyon L. Butterfield on "The Farmer and the New Day" (Macmillan) still has a value, since it discusses with evident eagerness and enthusiasm the share which the farmer expects to take in the problem of national renewal and expansion. The headings of his chapters, "Is the Farmer Coming to His Own?" "The Statesmanship of Rural Affairs," and "The Farmer and the New Democracy," indicate the topics considered by Mr. Butterfield. American farmers appear to have been relieved of some of the problems which weighed upon them in the past, yet they in common with their fellow-citizens are now confronted with even greater questions, and this book displays an attitude which should contribute much to their solution.

PROFESSOR GEORGE A. BARTON has rendered a useful service in preparing a volume on "The Religion of Israel" (Macmillan) intended primarily for undergraduates. Within a compass of less than three hundred pages, he covers the extensive period of Hebrew history from its beginnings in the dim light of antiquity down to the threshold of Christianity and even a little beyond. In his treatment of the subject Mr. Barton has skilfully utilized the results of modern investigation in the field of archæology and of Old Testament criticism and has perceived the bearings of such subjects as the comparative history of religion on the development of religious ideas and customs among the Hebrews. The result is a volume replete with information, which, moreover, is written in a strikingly clear style. The book is to be recommended to all who want a general survey of the present state of our knowledge regarding the religion of Israel. Perhaps the earlier chapters might have been amplified so as to give the reader a larger background for appreciating the significance of the two great movements, the organization of the groups in the Mosaic age and the appearance of the prophets in the ninth century. We should also have liked to see a somewhat fuller exposition of the actual ritual carried out by the Hebrews in the various periods. It is hardly sufficient to emphasize merely the development of law and ethics, for, after all, the hold of the cult upon the masses is the criterion by which to measure the actual results of unfolding religious ideas.

"THE League of Nations: The Principle and the Practice" (Atlantic Monthly Press), consists of sixteen chapters written by as many different contributors, all of competence and reputation, including such men as A. Lawrence Lowell, John Bassett Moore, Carlton J. H. Hayes, and John B. Andrews. The various chapters deal with such aspects of the League as "Historical Background," "International Coöperation During the Great War," "Limitation of Armaments," "Problems of Backward Areas and Colonies," "Labor in the Peace Treaty," and "Freedom of the Seas." It cannot be said that anything strikingly new has been advanced, but altogether the book makes a useful contribution to the discussion of international problems. Discriminating bibliographies are attached to each chapter; and the texts of the Abbé St. Pièrre's proposed Articles of the Fundamental Treaty, of similar articles from Kant's "Zum ewigen Frieden," of the Holy Alliance, of the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907, and of the "Covenant" in the form of April 28, 1919, have been printed as appendices.

The Story of a Lover

(ANONYMOUS)

A real and a *true* story of the relations of two fine souls, as different from the usual sentimental novel as old wine from water. A revelation of the spiritual agony of a sensitive, emotionally restless man, passionately in love with his calm, deep-thinking wife, and the outcome of his persistent attempts to awaken her response.

The Dial says, "It is one of the extraordinary pieces of literature of recent years."

The New York Sun says, "It is the greatest addition to that literature of personal records that we call human documents that we have seen in this generation."

The Chicago Daily News says, "It is one of the very few really valuable contributions to the literature of individual freedom. . . . Will be the most controversial book of the Autumn."

Just published. Already in 6th thousand. $1.50 everywhere.

109 W. 40th St.

BONI & LIVERIGHT NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drama

The Season Opens

THE critical observer of our living theatre, to be useful at all, must cultivate good humor, patience, and tolerance. To great humility of expectation and a gratitude for small mercies he must add, however, a steadfast determination not to be taken in. He must remember that the theatre is, mechanically speaking, but a wooden platform sheltered from the winds, a simple thing placed now by a hill-side, now in an inn yard, now in a room. Speaking any way but mechanically, the theatre is the platform of the eternal poet struggling with the mysteries of the earth. This is not fine language; it is the plain and sober truth. But who will admit it? Mr. Belasco? Or the hundred mechanics of the theatre who will swear to you that, though John Galsworthy may be a dramatist in the library, he does not know how to handle the effects of the stage?

This trumped-up intricacy of writing for the stage is, of course, the bread and butter as well as the chief pride—and delusion—of its adepts. Yet their delusion crumbles at the most obvious test. On the stage, as it is today, we have seen "The Trojan Woman" of Euripides and the Book of Job; we have seen "Everyman"; we have seen Shakespeare; we have seen Molière and Goldoni; we have seen Ibsen and Hauptmann, Shaw and Galsworthy, and the fantasies of Maeterlinck and Dunsany. Which of these understood that sacrosanct mechanism? Which of them had that esoteric sense for what is "of the theatre"—of this theatre? In reality any dialogue that has dramatic life can be acted on any stage. A born dramatist can write drama without ever having seen a theatre. If an audience refuses to hear him, it is because the soul of his work is alien to its collective soul. From a platform you do not speak to one man; you speak to many. And the group is less intelligent, less flexible, less merciful than the individual. The hope of the theatre is in the fact that there are groups and groups. The serviceable critic will try to rally the smaller groups and sustain their contact with the more civilized enterprises of our theatre. In such enterprises the opening of the autumn season in New York theatres has not been rich. Two productions stand out today, each for an interesting and peculiar reason.

Miss Grace George returns to the stage in "She Would and She Did," a light comedy by Mark Reed (Vanderbilt Theatre). It is credibly reported that Mr. Reed is a graduate of Professor George P. Baker's workshop. The play is meant to be elegant comedy. But elegance needs an underlying substance; even grace needs a body. "She Would and She Did" has refinement, but nothing else. It has none of the vulgarity of the popular farces, to be sure. But it has no positive virtue of its own. A lack of ugly characteristics is not character. That Miss Nesmith dug a hole in the green, was suspended from her golf club, and manœuvred her immediate reinstatement by playing a rather incredible game of local politics in an atmosphere so rarefied as to lack any human flavor—all this is trivial in the extreme. And it is trivially written, as the lines spoken by Miss George's associates amply illustrate. But to her own part Miss George lends the aid of her glittering and accomplished art. It is pure acting, sheer virtuosity. It is not the interpretation of drama, for there is very little drama to interpret. Miss George creates, by an exquisite artifice, a somewhat abstract character that bears little or no relation to life, since it is compact of a vivacity that never wearies, a silvery sparkle that is never dimmed, a keen intelligence wholly preoccupied with the absurdly negligible. There never was, of course, such a creature on sea or land. But for two hours you watch Miss George project that astonishing person of her own creation with a tireless gaiety, an unflagging crispness and brilliancy of execution worthy of an infinitely better cause. What a Millamant she would make in Congreve's "The Way of the World"!

It is symptomatic that Mr. Booth Tarkington's "Clarence" (Hudson Theatre) has been hailed as "the great American drama." These are the very words of a commonly intelligent and independent critic. It is worth while regarding this prodigy of our stage somewhat closely. Clarence, a discharged soldier seeking employment, is taken into the Wheeler family. No one knows anything about him, not so much as his name. And this ignorance is acquiesced in—for otherwise the play would fall to pieces—even by Wheeler, Sr., who is a successful lawyer. The family is undisciplined and filled with sharp little antagonisms. The father is helpless to make psychical adjustments; the step-mother is sentimental, vain, and foolish; the children—but of them presently. Everybody loves Clarence on sight and confides in him. His influence reforms them all, unites husband and wife, and softens the children. He turns out to be an eminent entomologist and marries the governess. In a word, a thoroughly incredible stage device is used to play the old, sentimental game of stage reformation, the sudden spiritual *volte-face*, irrespective of character or rooted conflict. But Bobby and Cora, it will be urged, are triumphs of Mr. Tarkington's art of depicting adolescents. They are. For that art consists now as always in emphasizing all the engaging little superficial characteristics which the parents of other Bobbies and Coras will recognize, and slurring all those which these same parents, humanly and excusably enough, desire to forget. Bobby has been expelled from three prep schools. Because he is engaging? Hardly, though he may be that, too. He kisses the parlor maid. Most natural! But is it merely a rosy jest? One does not expect an "Awakening of Spring" from Mr. Tarkington. But he cannot paint life, even on the plane of honest comedy, merely in white and pink. Alfred Lunt and, more especially, Helen Hayes and Glenn Hunter, act charmingly and furnish delightful entertainment for parents and children. But the kindly optimism of the domestic affections is no substitute for the interpretation of life through drama.

L. L.

PREJUDICES
FIRST SERIES
By H. L. MENCKEN
¶A book of brilliant essays—witty, penetrating, shrewd and just, dealing chiefly with books and writers. The authors treated range from George Ade to Thorstein Veblen and from Robert W. Chambers to Bernard Shaw.
$2.00 at all bookshops
P. S. You will also want George Jean Nathan's latest book, COMEDIANS ALL. $2.00.
ALFRED A. KNOPF, 220 West 42d Street, New York

Whatever book you want
Wanamaker's
has it, or will get it.
We buy old, rare books, and sets of books
NEW YORK and PHILADELPHIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation

International Relations Section

VOL. CIX TWO SECTIONS—SECTION II—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1919 No. 2831

Contents

Reports of the Bullitt Mission on Russia:

1. Report of William C. Bullitt..... 475
2. Report of Capt. W. W. Pettit..... 478
3. Report of Lincoln Steffens..... 479

Reports of the Bullitt Mission on Russia

WE reprint below the report of William C. Bullitt on his special mission to Russia during the last week of February, 1919; also the reports of Captain W. W. Pettit, his assistant, and of Lincoln Steffens who accompanied them. These reports were first made public in Mr. Bullitt's statement before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, September 12, 1919. Typographical errors and inconsistencies are due to our strict following of the Government Printing Office typography:

I. Report of William C. Bullitt

ECONOMIC SITUATION

Russia today is in a condition of acute economic distress. The blockade by land and sea is the cause of this distress and lack of the essentials of transportation is its gravest symptom. Only one-fourth of the locomotives which ran on Russian lines before the war are now available for use. Furthermore, Soviet Russia is cut off entirely from all supplies of coal and gasoline. In consequence, transportation by all steam and electric vehicles is greatly hampered; and transportation by automobile and by the fleet of gasoline-using Volga steamers and canal boats is impossible.

As a result of these hindrances to transportation it is possible to bring from the grain centers to Moscow only twenty-five carloads of food a day, instead of the one hundred carloads which are essential, and to Petrograd only fifteen carloads, instead of the essential fifty. In consequence, every man, woman, and child in Moscow and Petrograd is suffering from slow starvation.

Mortality is particularly high among new-born children whose mothers cannot suckle them, among newly-delivered mothers, and among the aged. The entire population, in addition, is exceptionally susceptible to disease; and a slight illness is apt to result fatally because of the total lack of medicines. Typhoid, typhus, and smallpox are epidemic in both Petrograd and Moscow.

Industry, except the production of munitions of war, is largely at a standstill. Nearly all means of transport which are not employed in carrying food are used to supply the army, and there is scarcely any surplus transport to carry materials essential to normal industry. Furthermore, the army has absorbed the best executive brains and physical vigor of the nation. In addition, Soviet Russia is cut off from most of its sources of iron and of cotton. Only the flax, hemp, wood, and lumber industries have an adequate supply of raw material.

On the other hand, such essentials of economic life as are available are being utilized to the utmost by the Soviet Government. Such trains as there are, run on time. The distribution of food is well controlled. Many industrial experts of the old régime are again managing their plants and sabotage by such managers has ceased. Loafing by the workmen during work hours has been overcome.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS

The destructive phase of the revolution is over and all the energy of the Government is turned to constructive work. The terror has ceased. All power of judgment has been taken away from the extraordinary commission for suppression of the counter-revolution, which now merely accuses suspected counter-revolutionaries, who are tried by the regular, established, legal tribunals. Executions are extremely rare. Good order has been established. The streets are safe. Shooting has ceased. There are few robberies. Prostitution has disappeared from sight. Family life has been unchanged by the revolution, the canard in regard to "nationalization of women" notwithstanding.

The theatres, opera, and ballet are performing as in peace. Thousands of new schools have been opened in all parts of Russia, and the Soviet Government seems to have done more for the education of the Russian people in a year and a half than czardom did in fifty years.

POLITICAL SITUATION

The Soviet form of government is firmly established. Perhaps the most striking fact in Russia today is the general support which is given the government by the people in spite of their starvation. Indeed, the people lay the blame for their distress wholly on the blockade and on the governments which maintain it. The Soviet form of government seems to have become to the Russian people the symbol of their revolution. Unquestionably it is a form of government which lends itself to gross abuse and tyranny, but it meets the demand of the moment in Russia, and it has acquired so great a hold on the imagination of the common people that the women are ready to starve and the young men to die for it.

The position of the communist party (formerly Bolsheviki) is also very strong. Blockade and intervention have caused the chief opposition parties, the right social revolutionaries and the menshiviki, to give temporary support to the communists. These opposition parties have both made formal statements against the blockade, intervention, and the support of Antisoviet governments by the allied and associated governments. Their leaders, Volsky and Martov, are most vigorous in their demands for the immediate raising of the blockade and peace.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Indeed, the only ponderable opposition to the communists today comes from more radical parties—the left social revolutionaries and the anarchists. These parties, in published statements, call the communists, and particularly Lenin and Tchitcherin, "the paid bourgeois gendarmes of the Entente." They attack the communists because the communists have encouraged scientists, engineers, and industrial experts of the bourgeois class to take important posts under the Soviet Government at high pay. They rage against the employment of bourgeois officers in the army and against the efforts of the communists to obtain peace. They demand the immediate massacre of all the bourgeoisie and an immediate declaration of war on all non-revolutionary governments. They argue that the Entente Governments should be forced to intervene more deeply in Russia, asserting that such action would surely provoke the proletariat of all European countries to immediate revolution.

Within the communist party itself there is a distinct division of opinion in regard to foreign policy, but this disagreement has not developed personal hostility or open breach in the ranks of the party. Trotski, the generals, and many theorists believe the red army should go forward everywhere until more vigorous intervention by the Entente is provoked, which they, too, count upon to bring revolution in France and England. Their attitude is not a little colored by pride in the spirited young army. Lenin, Tchitcherin, and the bulk of the communist party, on the other hand, insist that the essential problem at present is to save the proletariat of Russia, in particular, and the proletariat of Europe, in general, from starvation, and assert that it will benefit the revolution but little to conquer all Europe if the Government of the United States replies by starving all Europe. They advocate, therefore, the conciliation of the United States even at the cost of compromising with many of the principles they hold most dear. And Lenin's prestige in Russia at present is so overwhelming that the Trotski group is forced reluctantly to follow him.

Lenin, indeed, as a practical matter, stands well to the right in the existing political life of Russia. He recognizes the undesirability, from the Socialist viewpoint, of the compromises he feels compelled to make; but he is ready to make the compromises. Among the more notable concessions he has already made are: The abandonment of his plan to nationalize the land and the adoption of the policy of dividing it among the peasants, the establishment of savings banks paying 3 per cent. interest, the decision to pay all foreign debts, and the decision to give concessions if that shall prove to be necessary to obtain credit abroad.

In a word, Lenin feels compelled to retreat from his theoretical position all along the line. He is ready to meet the western Governments half way.

PEACE PROPOSALS

Lenin seized upon the opportunity presented by my trip of investigation to make a definite statement of the position of the Soviet Government. He was opposed by Trotski and the generals, but without much difficulty got the support of the majority of the executive council, and the statement of the position of the soviet government which was handed to me was finally adopted unanimously.

My discussion of this proposal with the leaders of the Soviet Government was so detailed that I feel sure of my ground in saying that it does not represent the minimum terms of the soviet government, and that I can point out in detail wherein it may be modified without making it unacceptable to the soviet government. For example, the clause under article 5—"and to their own nationals who have been or may be prosecuted for giving help to Soviet Russia"—is certainly not of vital importance. And the clause under article 4, in regard to admission of citizens of the soviet republics of Russia into the allied and associated countries, may certainly be changed in such a way as to reserve all necessary rights to control such immigration to the allied and associated countries, and to confine it to persons who come on legitimate and necessary business, and to exclude definitely all possibility of an influx of propagandists.

CONCLUSIONS

The following conclusions are respectfully submitted:

1. No government save a socialist government can be set up in Russia today except by foreign bayonets, and any governments so set up will fall the moment such support is withdrawn. The Lenin wing of the communist party is today as moderate as any socialist government which can control Russia.

2. No real peace can be established in Europe or the world until peace is made with the revolution. This proposal of the Soviet Government presents an opportunity to make peace with the revolution on a just and reasonable basis—perhaps a unique opportunity.

3. If the blockade is lifted and supplies begin to be delivered regularly to soviet Russia, a more powerful hold over the Russian people will be established than that given by the blockade itself—the hold given by fear that this delivery of supplies may be stopped. Furthermore, the parties which oppose the communists in principle but are supporting them at present will be able to begin to fight against them.

4. It is, therefore, respectfully recommended that a proposal following the general lines of the suggestion of the Soviet Government should be made at the earliest possible moment, such changes being made, particularly in article 4 and article 5, as will make the proposal acceptable to conservative opinion in the allied and associated countries.

Very respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM C. BULLITT

APPENDIX

TRANSPORT

Locomotives.—Before the war Russia had 22,000 locomotives. Destruction by war and ordinary wear and tear have reduced the number of locomotives in good order to 5,500. Russia is entirely cut off from supplies of spare parts and materials for repair, facilities for the manufacture of which do not exist in Russia. And the Soviet Government is able only with the greatest difficulty to keep in running order the few locomotives at its disposal.

Coal.—Soviet Russia is entirely cut off from supplies of coal. Kolchak holds the Perm mining district, although Soviet troops are now on the edge of it. Denikin still holds the larger part of the Donetz coal district and has destroyed the mines in the portion of the district which he has evacuated. As a result of this, locomotives, electrical power plants, etc., must be fed with wood, which is enormously expensive and laborious and comparatively ineffectual.

Gasoline.—There is a total lack of gasoline, due to the British occupation of Baku. The few automobiles in the cities which are kept running for vital Government business are fed with substitute mixtures, which causes them to break down with great frequency and to miss continually. Almost the entire fleet on the great inland waterway system of Russia was propelled by gasoline. As a result the Volga and the canals, which are so vital a part of Russia's system of transportation, are useless.

FOOD

Everyone is hungry in Moscow and Petrograd, including the people's commissaries themselves. The daily ration of Lenin and the other commissaries is the same as that of a soldier in the army or of a workman at hard labor. In the hotel which is reserved for Government officials the menu is the following: Breakfast—A quarter to half a pound of black bread, which must last all day, and tea without sugar. Dinner—A good soup, a small piece of fish, for which occasionally a diminutive piece

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of meat is substituted, a vegetable, either a potato or a bit of cabbage, more tea without sugar. Supper—What remains of the morning ration of bread and more tea without sugar.

Occasionally sugar, butter, and chickens slip through from the Ukraine and are sold secretly at atrocious prices—butter, for example, at 140 roubles a pound. Whenever the Government is able to get its hands on any such "luxuries" it turns them over to the schools, where an attempt is made to give every child a good dinner every day.

The food situation has been slightly improved by the rejoining of Ukraine to Great Russia, for food is relatively plentiful in the south; but no great improvement in the situation is possible because of the lack of transport.

MANAGEMENT

Such supplies as are available in Soviet Russia are being utilized with considerable skill. For example, in spite of the necessity of firing with wood, the Moscow-Petrograd express keeps up to its schedule, and on both occasions when I made the trip it took but thirteen hours, compared to the twelve hours of prewar days.

The food control works well, so that there is no abundance alongside of famine. Powerful and weak alike endure about the same degree of starvation.

The Soviet government has made great efforts to persuade industrial managers and technical experts of the old régime to enter its service. Many very prominent men have done so. And the Soviet Government pays them as high as $45,000 a year for their services, although Lenin gets but $1,800 a year. This very anomalous situation arises from the principle that any believing communist must adhere to the scale of wages established by the government, but if the government considers it necessary to have the assistance of any anticommunist, it is permitted to pay him as much as he demands.

All meetings of workmen during work hours have been prohibited, with the result that the loafing which was so fatal during the Kerensky régime has been overcome and discipline has been restored in the factories as in the army.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS

Terror.—The red terror is over. During the period of its power the extraordinary commission for the suppression of the counter revolution, which was the instrument of the terror, executed about 1,500 persons in Petrograd, 500 in Moscow, and 3,000 in the remainder of the country—5,000 in all Russia. These figures agree with those which were brought back from Russia by Major Wardwell, and inasmuch as I have checked them from Soviet, anti-Soviet, and neutral sources I believe them to be approximately correct. It is worthy of note in this connection that in the white terror in southern Finland alone, according to official figures, General Mannerheim executed without trial 12,000 working men and women.

Order.—One feels as safe in the streets of Petrograd and Moscow as in the streets of Paris or New York. On the other hand, the streets of these cities are dismal, because of the closing of retail shops whose functions are now concentrated in a few large nationalized "department stores." Petrograd, furthermore, has been deserted by half its population; but Moscow teems with twice the number of inhabitants it contained before the war. The only noticeable difference in the theatres, opera, and ballet is that they are now run under the direction of the department of education, which prefers classics and sees to it that working men and women and children are given an opportunity to attend the performances and that they are instructed beforehand in the significance and beauties of the productions.

Morals.—Prostitutes have disappeared from sight, the economic reasons for their career having ceased to exist. Family life has been absolutely unchanged by the revolution. I have never heard more genuinely mirthful laughter than when I told Lenin, Tchitcherin, and Litvinov that much of the world believed that women had been "nationalized." This lie is so wildly fantastic that they will not even take the trouble to deny it. Respect for womanhood was never greater than in Russia today. Indeed, the day I reached Petrograd was a holiday in honor of wives and mothers.

Education.—The achievements of the department of education under Lunacharsky have been very great. Not only have all the Russian classics been reprinted in editions of three and five million copies and sold at a low price to the people, but thousands of new schools for men, women, and children have been opened in all parts of Russia. Furthermore, workingmen's and soldiers' clubs have been organized in many of the palaces of yesteryear, where the people are instructed by means of moving pictures and lectures. In the art galleries one meets classes of working men and women being instructed in the beauties of the pictures. The children's schools have been entirely reorganized, and an attempt is being made to give every child a good dinner at school every day. Furthermore, very remarkable schools have been opened for defective and overnervous children. On the theory that genius and insanity are closely allied, these children are taught from the first to compose music, paint pictures, sculpt and write poetry, and it is asserted that some very valuable results have been achieved, not only in the way of productions but also in the way of restoring the nervous systems of the children.

MORALE

The belief of the convinced communists in their cause is almost religious. Never in any religious service have I seen higher emotional unity than prevailed at the meeting of the Petrograd Soviet in celebration of the foundation of the Third Socialist Internationale. The remark of one young man to me when I questioned him in regard to his starved appearance is characteristic. He replied very simply: "I am ready to give another year of starvation to our revolution."

STATEMENTS OF LEADERS OF OPPOSITION PARTIES

The following statement was made to me by Volsky, leader of the right social revolutionaries, the largest opposition party:

"Intervention of any kind will prolong the régime of the Bolsheviki by compelling us, like all honorable Russians, to drop opposition and rally round the soviet government in defense of the revolution. With regard to help to individual groups or governments fighting against soviet Russia, we see no difference between such intervention and the sending of troops. If the allies come to an agreement with the soviet government, sooner or later the peasant masses will make their will felt and they are alike against the bourgeoisie and the Bolsheviki.

"If by any chance Kolchak and Denikin were to win, they would have to kill in tens of thousands where the Bolsheviki have had to kill in hundreds and the result would be the complete ruin and collapse of Russia into anarchy. Has not the Ukraine been enough to teach the allies that occupation by non-Bolshivik troops merely turns into Bolsheviki those of the population who were not Bolsheviki before? It is clear to us that the Bolsheviki are really fighting against bourgeois dictatorship. We are, therefore, prepared to help them in every possible way.

"Grandmother Ekaterina Constantinovna Breshkovskaya has no sort of authority, either from the assembly of members of the all Russian constituent assembly or from the party of social revolutionaries. Her utterances in America, if she is preaching intervention, represent her personal opinions which are categorically repudiated by the party of social revolutionaries, which has decisively expressed itself against the permissibility of intervention, direct or indirect."

Volsky signed this latter statement: "V. Volsky, late president of the assembly of members of the all Russian constituent assembly."

Martov, leader of the Menshiviki, stated: "The Menshiviki are against every form of intervention, direct or indirect, be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause by providing the incentive to militarization it is bound to emphasize the least desirable qualities of the revolution. Further, the needs of the army overwhelm all efforts at meeting the needs of social and economic reconstruction. Agreement with the soviet government would lessen the tension of defence and would unmuzzle the opposition, who, while the soviet government is attacked, are prepared to help in its defense, while reserving until peace their efforts to alter the Bolshevik régime.

"The forces that would support intervention must be dominated by those of extreme reaction because all but the reactionaries are prepared temporarily to sink their differences with the Bolsheviki in order to defend the revolution as a whole."

Martov finally expressed himself as convinced that, given peace, life itself and the needs of the country will bring about the changes he desires.

ARMY

The soviet army now numbers between 1,000,000 and 1,200,000 troops of the line. Nearly all these soldiers are young men between the ages of 17 and 27. The morale of regiments varies greatly. The convinced communists, who compose the bulk of the army, fight with crusading enthusiasm. Other regiments, composed of patriots but noncommunists, are less spirited; other regiments, composed of men who have entered the army for the slightly higher bread ration are distinctly untrustworthy. Great numbers of officers of the old army are occupying important executive posts in the administration of the new army, but are under control of convinced communist supervisers. Nearly all the lower grade officers of the army are workmen who have displayed courage in the ranks and have been trained in special officer schools. Discipline has been restored, and on the whole the spirit of the army appears to be very high, particularly since its recent successes. The soldiers no longer have the beaten dog-like look which distinguished them under the Czar, but carry themselves like freemen, and curiously like Americans. They are popular with the people.

I witnessed a review of 15,000 troops in Petrograd. The men marched well and their equipment of shoes, uniforms, rifles, and machine guns and light artillery was excellent. On the other hand, they had no big guns, no aeroplanes, no gas shells, no liquid fire, nor indeed, any of the more refined instruments of destruction.

The testimony was universal that recruiting for the army is easiest in the districts which having once lived under the soviet were overrun by anti-soviet forces and then reoccupied by the Red Army.

Trotsky is enormously proud of the army he has created, but it is noteworthy that even he is ready to disband the army at once if peace can be obtained in order that all the brains and energy it contains may be turned to restoring the normal life of the country.

LENIN'S PRESTIGE

The hold which Lenin has gained on the imagination of the Russian people makes his position almost that of a dictator. There is already a Lenin legend. He is regarded as almost a prophet. His picture, usually accompanied by that of Karl Marx, hangs everywhere. In Russia one never hears Lenin and Trotski spoken of in the same breath as is usual in the western world. Lenin is regarded as in a class by himself. Trotski is but one of the lower order of mortals.

When I called on Lenin at the Kremlin I had to wait a few minutes until a delegation of peasants left his room. They had heard in their village that Comrade Lenin was hungry. And they had come hundreds of miles carrying 800 poods of bread as the gift of the village to Lenin. Just before them was another delegation of peasants to whom the report had come that Comrade Lenin was working in an unheated room. They came bearing a stove and enough firewood to heat it for three months. Lenin is the only leader who receives such gifts. And he turns them into the common fund.

Face to face Lenin is a very striking man—straightforward and direct, but also genial and with a large humor and serenity.

CONCESSIONS

The soviet government recognizes very clearly the undesirability of granting concessions to foreigners and is ready to do so only because of necessity. The members of the Government realize that the lifting of the blockade will be illusory unless the soviet government is able to establish credits in foreign countries, particularly the United States and England, so that goods may be bought in those countries. For Russia today is in a position to export only a little gold, a little platinum, a little hemp, flax, and wood. These exports will be utterly inadequate to pay for the vast quantity of imports which Russia needs. Russia must, therefore, obtain credit at any price. The members of the soviet government realize fully that as a preliminary step to the obtaining of credit the payment of foreign debts must be resumed and, therefore, are ready to pay such debts. But even though these debts are paid the members of the soviet government believe that they will not be able to borrow money in foreign countries on any mere promise to pay. They believe, therefore, that they will have to grant concessions in Russia to foreigners in order to obtain immediate credit. They desire to avoid this expedient if in any way it shall be possible, but if absolutely necessary they are ready to adopt it in order to begin the restoration of the normal life of the country.

2. Report of Capt. W. W. Pettit

I left Petrograd on March 31. During the past three weeks I have crossed the Finnish border six times and have been approximately two weeks in Petrograd. I have met Tchitcherin, Litvinov, and most of the important personages in the communist government of Petrograd (including Bill Shatov, chief of police).

Briefly, my opinion of the Russian situation is as follows: In Petrograd I presume the present communist government has a majority of the workingmen behind it, but probably less than half of the total population are members of the communist party. However, my conclusions are based on conversations with not only communists, but also many opponents of the communist government, members of the aristocracy, business men, and foreigners, and I am persuaded that a large majority of the population of Petrograd if given a choice between the present government and the two alternatives, revolution or foreign intervention, would without hesitation take the present government. Foreign intervention would unite the population in opposition and would tend to greatly emphasize the present nationalist spirit. Revolution would result in chaos. (There is nowhere a group of Russians in whom the people I have talked with have confidence. Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenvitch, Trepov, the despicable hordes of Russian emigrees who haunt the Grand Hotel, Stockholm; the Socithans House, Helsingfors; the offices of the peace commission in Paris, and squabble among themselves as to how the Russian situation shall be solved; all equally fail to find many supporters in Petrograd.) Those with whom I have talked recognize that revolution, did it succeed in developing a strong government, would result in a white terror comparable with that of Finland. In Finland our consul has a record of 12,500 executions in some fifty districts, out of something like 500 districts, by the White Guard. In Petrograd I have been repeatedly assured that the total Red executions in Petrograd and Moscow and other cities was at a maximum 3,200.

It may seem somewhat inconsistent for the Russian bourgeoisie to oppose allied intervention and at the same time fail to give whole-hearted support to the present government. They justify this attitude on the grounds that when the two great problems of food and peace are solved the whole population can turn itself

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to assisting the present régime in developing a stable efficient government. They point to the numerous changes which have already been introduced by the present communist government, to the acknowledgment that mistakes have been made, to the ease of securing introduction of constructive ideas under the present régime. All these facts have persuaded many of the thinking people with whom I have talked to look to the present government in possibly a somewhat modified form as the salvation of Russia.

At present the situation is bad. Russia is straining every nerve to raise an army to oppose the encircling White Guards. That the army is efficient is demonstrated by the present location of Soviet forces who have contended with the Russian White Guard supported by enormous sums of money, munitions, and even soldiers from the Allies. Naturally, transportation is inefficient; it was horrible in the last year of the Czar's régime. Absolute separation from the rest of the world, combined with the chaotic conditions which Russia has passed through since the 1917 revolution, plus the sabotage, which until recently was quite general among the intelligent classes, including engineers, has resulted in a decrease in rolling stock. The transportation of the enormous army which has been raised limits the number of cars which can be used for food. The cutting off of Siberia, Finland, the Baltic Provinces, and until recently the Ukraine, made it necessary to establish new lines of food transportation. Consequently there has been great suffering in Petrograd. Of the population of a million 200,000 are reported by the board of health to be ill, 100,000 seriously ill in hospitals or at home, and another 100,000 with swollen limbs still able to go to the food kitchens. However, the reports of people dying in the streets are not true. Whatever food exists is fairly well distributed, and there are food kitchens where anyone can get a fairly good dinner for 3.50 rubles.

For money one can still obtain many of the luxuries of life. The children, some 50,000 of whom have been provided with homes, are splendidly taken care of, and except for the absence of milk have little to complain of. In the public schools free lunches are given the children, and one sees in the faces of the younger generation little of the suffering which some of the older people have undergone and are undergoing. Food conditions have improved recently, due to the suspension of passenger traffic and the retaking of the Ukraine, where food is plentiful. From 60 to 100 carloads of food have arrived in Petrograd each day since February 18.

Perhaps it is futile to add that my solution of the Russian problem is some sort of recognition of the present government, with the establishment of economic relations and the sending of every possible assistance to the people. I have been treated in a wonderful manner by the communist representatives, though they know that I am no socialist and though I have admitted to the leaders that my civilian clothing is a disguise. They have the warmest affection for America, believe in President Wilson, and are certain that we are coming to their assistance, and, together with our engineers, our food, our school-teachers, and our supplies, they are going to develop in Russia a government which will emphasize the rights of the common people as no other government has. I am so convinced of the necessity for us taking a step immediately to end the suffering of this wonderful people that I should be willing to stake all I have in converting ninety out of every hundred American business men whom I could take to Petrograd for two weeks.

It is needless for me to tell you that most of the stories that have come from Russia regarding atrocities, horrors, immorality, are manufactured in Viborg, Helsingfors, or Stockholm. The horrible massacres planned for last November were first learned of in Petrograd from the Helsingfors papers. That anybody could even for a moment believe in the nationalization of women seems impossible to anyone in Petrograd. Today Petrograd is an orderly city—probably the only city of the world of its size without police. Bill Shatov, chief of police, and I were at the opera the other night to hear Chaliapine sing in Boris Gudnov. He excused himself early because he said there had been a robbery the previous night, in which a man had lost 5,000 rubles, that this was the first robbery in several weeks, and that he had an idea who had done it, and was going to get the men that night. I feel personally that Petrograd is safer than Paris. At night there are automobiles, sleighs, and people on the streets at 12 o'clock to a much greater extent than was true in Paris when I left five weeks ago.

Most wonderful of all, the great crowd of prostitutes has disappeared. I have seen not a disreputable woman since I went to Petrograd, and foreigners who have been there for the last three months report the same. The policy of the present government has resulted in eliminating throughout Russia, I am told, this horrible outgrowth of modern civilization.

Begging has decreased. I have asked to be taken to the poorest parts of the city to see how the people in the slums live, and both the communists and bourgeoisie have held up their hands and said, "But you fail to understand there are no such places." There is poverty, but it is scattered and exists among those of the former poor or of the former rich who have been unable to adapt themselves to the conditions which require everyone to do something.

Terrorism has ended. For months there have been no executions, I am told, and certainly people go to the theatre and church and out on the streets as much as they would in any city of the world.*

3. Report of Lincoln Steffens

APRIL 2, 1919

Politically, Russia has reached a state of equilibrium; internally; for the present at least.

I think the revolution there is ended; that it has run its course. There will be changes. There may be advances; there will surely be reactions, but these will be regular, I think; politically and economic, but parliamentary. A new centre of gravity seems to have been found.

Certainly, the destructive phase of the revolution in Russia is over. Constructive work has begun.

We saw this everywhere. And we saw order, and though we inquired for them, we heard of no disorders. Prohibition is universal and absolute. Robberies have been reduced in Petrograd below normal of large cities. Warned against danger before we went in, we felt safe. Prostitution has disappeared with its clientele, who have been driven out by the "no-work-no-food law," enforced by the general want and the labor-card system. Loafing on the job by workers and sabotage by upper-class directors, managers, experts and clerks have been overcome. Russia has settled down to work.

The soviet form of government, which sprang up so spontaneously all over Russia, is established.

This is not a paper thing; not an invention. Never planned, it has not yet been written into the forms of law. It is not even uniform. It is full of faults and difficulties; clumsy, and in its final development it is not democratic. The present Russian Government is the most autocratic government I have ever seen. Lenin, head of the soviet government, is farther removed from the people than the Tsar was, or than any actual ruler in Europe is.

The people in a shop or an industry are a soviet. These little informal soviets elect a local soviet; which elects delegates to the city or country (community) soviet; which elects delegates to the government (State) soviet. The government soviets together elect delegates to the All-Russian Soviet, which elects commissionaires (who correspond to our Cabinet, or to a European minority). And these commissionaries finally elect Lenin. He is thus

* A memorandum dealing with certain special aspects of the Russian situation is omitted from Captain Pettit's report, for lack of space. Parts of Mr. Steffens' report are omitted for the same reason.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

five or six removes from the people. To form an idea of his stability, independence, and power, think of the process that would have to be gone through with by the people to remove him and elect a successor. A majority of all the soviets in all Russia would have to be changed in personnel or opinion, recalled, or brought somehow to recognize and represent the altered will of the people.

No student of government likes the soviet as it has developed. Lenin himself doesn't. He calls it a dictorship, and he opposed it at first. When I was in Russia in the days of Milyoukov and Kerensky, Lenin and the Bolsheviks were demanding the general election of the constituent assembly. But the soviets existed then; they had the power, and I saw foreign ambassadors blunder, and the world saw Milyoukov and Kerensky fall, partly because they would not, or could not, comprehend the nature of the soviet; as Lenin did finally, when, against his theory, he joined in and expressed the popular repudiation of the constituent assembly and went over to work with the soviet, the actual power in Russia. The constituent assembly, elected by the people, represented the upper class and the old system. The soviet was the lower class.

The soviet, at bottom, is a natural gathering of the working people, or peasants, in their working and accustomed groupings, instead of, as with us, by artificial geographical sections.

Labor unions and soldiers' messes made up the soviets in the cities; poorer peasants and soldiers at the village inn were the first soviets in the country; and in the beginning, two years ago, these lower class delegates used to explain to me that the "rich peasants" and the "rich people" had their own meetings and meeting places. The popular intention then was not to exclude the upper classes from the government, but only from the soviets, which were not yet the same. But the soviets, once in existence, absorbed in their own class tasks and their own problems, which the upper class had either not understood or solved, ignored—no; they simply forgot the council of empire and the Duma. And so they discovered (or, to be more exact, their leaders discovered) that they had actually all the power. All that Lenin and the other Socialist leaders had to do to carry through their class-struggle theory was to recognize this fact of power and teach the soviets to continue to ignore the assemblies and the institutions of the upper classes, which, with their "governments," ministries, and local assemblies, fell, powerless from neglect.

The soviet government sprouted and grew out of the habits, the psychology, and the condition of the Russian people. It fitted them. They understand it. They find they can work it and they like it. Every effort to put something else in its place (including Lenin's) has failed. It will have to be modified, I think, but not in essentials, and it cannot be utterly set aside. The Tsar himself, if he should come back, would have to keep the Russian Soviet, and somehow rule over and through it.

The Communist Party (dubbed "Bolshevik") is in power now in the soviet government.

I think it will stay there a long time. What I have shown of the machinery of change is one guaranty of communist dominance. There are others.

All opposition to the communist government has practically ceased inside of Russia. . . .

All Russia has turned to the labor of reconstruction; sees the idea in the plans proposed for the future; and is interested—imaginatively.

Destruction was fun for a while and a satisfaction to a suppressed, betrayed, to an almost destroyed people. Violence was not in their character, however. The Russian people, sober, are said to be a gentle people. One of their poets speaks of them as "that gentle beast, the Russian people," and I noticed and described in my reports of the first revolution how patient, peaceable, and "safe" the mobs of Petrograd were. The violence came later, with Bolshevism, after the many attempts at counterrevolution, and with vodka. The Bolshevik leaders regret and are ashamed of their red terror. They do not excuse it. It was others, you remember, who traced the worst of the Russian atrocities and the terror itself to the adoption by the counterrevolutionists of the method of assassination (of Lenin and others), and most of all to the discovery by the mobs of wine cellars and vodka stills. That the Russian drunk and the Russian sober are two utterly different animals, is well known to the Jews, to the Reactionaries, and to the Russians themselves. And that is why this people lately have not only obeyed; they have themselves ruthlessly enforced the revolutionary prohibition decrees in every part of Russia that we would inquire about and hear from.

The destructive spirit, sated, exhausted, or suppressed, has done its work. The leaders say so—the leaders of all parties.

There is a close relationship between the Russian people and the new Russian leaders, in power and out. New men in politics are commonly fresh, progressive, representative; it's the later statesmen that damp the enthusiasm and sober the idealism of legislators. In Russia all legislators, all, are young or new. It is as if we should elect in the United States a brand-new set of men to all offices, from the lowest county to the highest Federal position, and as if the election should occur in a great crisis, when all men are full of hope and faith. The new leaders of the local soviets of Russia were, and they still are, of the people, really. That is one reason why their autocratic dictatorship is acceptable. They have felt, they shared the passion of the mob to destroy, but they had something in mind to destroy.

The soviet leaders used the revolution to destroy the system of organized Russian life.

While the mobs broke windows, smashed wine cellars, and pillaged buildings to express their rage, their leaders directed their efforts to the annihilation of the system itself. They pulled down the Czar and his officers; they abolished the courts, which had been used to oppress them; they closed shops, stopped business generally, and especially all competitive and speculative business; and they took over all the great industries, monopolies, concessions, and natural resources. This was their purpose. This is their religion. This is what the lower-class culture has been slowly teaching the people of the world for fifty years: That it is not some particular evil, but the whole system of running business and railroads, shops, banks, and exchanges, for speculation and profit that must be changed. This is what causes poverty and riches, they teach, misery, corruption, vice, and war. The people, the workers, or their State, must own and run these things "for service."

Not political democracy, as with us; economic democracy is the idea; democracy in the shop, factory, business. Bolshevism is a literal interpretation, the actual application of this theory, policy or program. And so, in the destructive period of the Russian revolution, the Bolshevik leaders led the people to destroy the old system, root and branch, fruit and blossom, too. And apparently this was done. The blocks we saw in Petrograd and Moscow of retail shops nailed up were but one sign of it. When we looked back of these dismal fronts and inquired more deeply into the work of the revolution we were convinced that the Russians have literally and completely done their job. And it was this that shocked us. It is this that has startled the world; not the atrocities of the revolution, but the revolution itself.

The organization of life as we know it in America, in the rest of Europe, in the rest of the world, is wrecked and abolished in Russia.

The revolution didn't do it. The Tsar's Government had rotted it. The war broke down the worn-out machinery of it; the revolution has merely scrapped it finally.

The effect is hunger, cold, misery, anguish, disease—death to millions. But worse than these—I mean this—was the confusion of mind among the well and the strong. We do not realize, any of us—even those of us who have imagination—how fixed our minds and habits are by the ways of living that we know. So with the Russians. They understood how to work

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and live under their old system; it was not a pretty one; it was dark, crooked, and dangerous, but they had groped around in it all their lives from childhood up. They could find their way in it. And now they can remember how it was, and they sigh for the old ways. The rich emigrés knew whom to see to bribe for a verdict, a safe-conduct, or a concession; and the poor, in their hunger, think now how it would be to go down to the market and haggle, and bargain, from one booth to another, making their daily purchases, reckoning up their defeats and victories over the traders. And they did get food then. And now—it is all gone. They have destroyed all this, and having destroyed it they were lost, strangers in their own land.

This tragedy of transition was anticipated by the leaders of the revolution, and the present needs were prepared for in the plans laid for reconstruction.

Lenin has imagination. He is an idealist, but he is a scholar, too, and a very grim realist. Lenin was a statistician by profession. He had long been trying to foresee the future of society under socialism, and he had marked down definitely the resources, the machinery, and the institutions existing under the old order, which could be used in the new. There was the old Russian communal land system, passing, but standing in spots with its peasants accustomed to it. That was to be revived; it is his solution of the problem of the great estates. They are not to be broken up, but worked by the peasants in common. Then there was the great Russian Cooperative (trading) Society, with its 11,000,000 families before the war; now with 17,000,000 members. He kept that. There was a conflict; it was in bourgeoise hands but it was an essential part of the projected system of distribution, so Lenin compromised and communist Russia has it. He had the railroads, telegraph, telephone already; the workers seized the factories, the local soviets, the mines; the All-Russian Soviet, the banks. The new government set up shops—one in each neighborhood—to dole out for money, but on work tickets, whatever food, fuel, and clothing this complete government monopoly had to distribute. No bargaining, no display, no advertising, and no speculation. Everything one has earned by labor the right to buy at the cooperative and soviet shops is at a fixed, low price, at the established (too small) profit—to the government or to the members of the cooperative.

Money is to be abolished gradually. It does not count much now. Private capital has been confiscated, most of the rich have left Russia, but there are still many people there who have hidden away money or valuables, and live on them without working. They can buy food and even luxuries, but only illegally from peasants and speculators at the risk of punishment and very high prices. They can buy, also, at the government stores, at the low prices, but they can get only their share there, and only on their class or work tickets. The class arrangement, though transitory and temporary—the aim is to have but one class—is the key to the idea of the whole new system.

There are three classes. The first can buy, for example, 1½ pounds of bread a day; the second, three-quarters of a pound; the third, only one-quarter of a pound; no matter how much money they may have. The first class includes soldiers, workers in war, and other essential industries, actors, teachers, writers, experts and Government workers of all sorts. The second class is of all other sorts of workers. The third is of people who do not work—the leisure class. Their allowance is, under present circumstances, not enough to live on, but they are allowed to buy surreptitiously from speculators on the theory that the principal of their capital will soon be exhausted, and, since interest, rent, and profits—all forms of unearned money—are abolished, they will soon be forced to go to work.

The shock of this, and the confusion due to the strange details of it, were, and they still are, painful to many minds, and not only to the rich. For a long time there was widespread discontent with this new system. The peasants rebelled, and the workers were suspicious. They blamed the new system for the food shortage, the fuel shortage, the lack of raw materials for the factories. But his also was anticipated by that very remarkable mind and will—Lenin. He used the State monopoly and control of the press, and the old army of revolutionary propagandists to shift the blame for the sufferings of Russia from the revolutionary government to the war, the blockade, and the lack of transportation. Also, he and his executive organization were careful to see that, when the government did get hold of a supply of anything, it arrival was heralded, and the next day it appeared at the community shops, where everybody (that worked) got his share at the low government price. The two American prisoners we saw had noticed this, you remember. "We don't get much to eat," they said, "but neither do our guards or the other Russians. We all get the same. And when they get more, we get our share."

The fairness of the new system, as it works so far, has won over to it the working class and the poorer peasants. The well-to-do still complain, and very bitterly sometimes. Their hoardings are broken into by the government and by the poverty committees, and they are severely punished for speculative trading. But even these classes are moved somewhat by the treatment of children. They are in a class by themselves: class A—1. They get all the few delicacies—milk, eggs, fruit, game, that come to the government monopoly—at school, where they all are fed, regardless of class. "Even the rich children," they told us, "they have as much as the poor children." And the children, like the workers, now see the operas, too, the plays, the ballets, the art galleries—all with instructors.

The Bolsheviks—all the Russian parties—regard the communists' attitude toward children as the symbol of their new civilization.

"It is to be for the good of humanity, not business," one of them, an American, said, "and the kids represent the future. Our generation is to have only the labor, the joy, and the misery of the struggle. We will get none of the material benefits of the new system, and we will probably never all understand and like it. But the children—it is for them and their children that we are fighting, so we are giving them the best of it from the start, and teaching them to take it all naturally. They are getting the idea. They are to be our new propagandists." . . .

And this is what is making Lenin and his sobered communist government ask for peace. They think they have carried a revolution through for once to the logical conclusion. All other revolutions have stopped when they had revolved through the political phase to political democracy. This one has turned once more clear through the economic phase to economic democracy; to self-government in the factory, shop, and on the land, and has laid a foundation for universal profit sharing, for the universal division of food, clothes, and all goods, equally among all. And they think their civilization is working on this foundation. They want time to go on and build it higher and better. They want to spread it all over the world, but only as it works. As they told us when we reminded them that the world dreaded their propaganda:

"We are through with the old propaganda of argument. All we ask now is to be allowed to prove by the examples of things well done here in Russia, that the new system is good. We are so sure we shall make good, that we are willing to stop saying so, to stop reasoning, stop the haranguing, and all that old stuff. And especially are we sick of the propaganda by the sword. We want to stop fighting. We know that each country must evolve its own revolution out of its own conditions and in its own imagination. To force it by war is not scientific, not democratic, not socialistic. And we are fighting now only in self-defence. We will stop fighting, if you will let us stop. We will call back our troops, if you will withdraw yours. We will demobolize. We need the picked organizers and the skilled workers now in the army for our shops, factories, and farms. We would love to recall them to all this needed work, and use their troop trains to distribute our goods and our harvests, if only you will call

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

off your soldiers and your moral, financial, and material support from our enemies, and the enemies of our ideals. Let every country in dispute on our borders self-determine its own form of government and its own allegiance.

"But you must not treat us a conquered nation. We are not conquered. We are prepared to join in a revolutionary civil war all over all of Europe and the world, if this good thing has to be done in this bad way of force. But we would prefer to have our time and our energy to work to make sure that our young, good thing is good. We have proved that we can share misery, and sickness, and poverty; it has helped us to have these things to share, and we think we shall be able to share the wealth of Russia as we gradually develop it. But we are not sure of that; the world is not sure. Let us Russians pay the price of the experiment; do the hard, hard work of it; make the sacrifice—then your people can follow us, slowly, as they decide for themselves that what we have is worth having."

That is the message you bring back, Mr. Bullitt. It is your duty to deliver it. It is mine to enforce it by my conception of the situation as it stands in Russia and Europe today. . . .

The Cowboy Philosopher on the Peace Conference
By Will Rogers
Paper Boards. 16mo. 60c.
HARPER AND BROTHERS
NEW Est. 1817 YORK

AUTUMN SALE OF BOOKS
Publishers' Remainders and Overstocks
40% to 75% Below Publication Prices
(Included are Riverside Press Limited Editions)
Send for Catalogue No. 4
HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO.
Howard and Lexington Sts., Baltimore, Md.

RED FRIDAY
By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER
RED FRIDAY is an ingenious and graphic forecast of the perils that await the invested capital of the United States should Bolshevism obtain the upper hand.
It is the story of a colossal conspiracy between a Bolshevik master mind from Russia named Plangoner, and Stephen Black, a New York secret speculator of great wealth, to overthrow capitalism by destroying the monetary value of American stocks and bonds and place the Bolsheviki in possession of the United States.
Rarely does an imaginative writer deal so effectively with a problem of the hour. Mr. Turner sets forth the perils of Bolshevism in a most startling fashion.
$1.40 *Net.* *At all Booksellers*
LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston

GENERAL TYPES of SUPERIOR MEN
By
OSIAS L. SCHWARZ
If the numerous friends and admirers of this work would send in advance subscriptions they would make possible the publication of the author's *magnum opus:*
UNCONVENTIONAL ETHICS
Or
THE ETHICS OF TO-MORROW
A pioneer work destined to revolutionize the current conceptions, and to infuse life into the study, of ethics as well as the other social sciences.
The subscriptions may be sent directly ($3.00 a copy) to the author: 130 W. 83rd Street, New York.

MARX INSTITUTE
A school devoted to the study of Economics, Philosophy, and History. Send for Circular. *Address:*
MARX INSTITUTE
305 West 130th Street, New York City

THRIFT and CONSERVATION
HOW TO TEACH IT. By Arthur H. Chamberlain, Chairman, Thrift Education, N.E.A., and James F. Chamberlain.
This new volume in LIPPINCOTT'S SCHOOL EDUCATIONAL GUIDES, edited by W. F. Russell, A.B., Ph.D., Univ. of Iowa, sets forth the principles of teaching thrift, one of the big problems of reconstruction now in the hands of the teachers of this Nation. Price $1.40.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY - Philadelphia

WOMAN
Her Sex and Love Life
A book for every woman married or contemplating marriage. Helps women comprehend and develop their sexual life. Vital knowledge for health and marital happiness. Clear, comprehensive and practical.
Illustrated, 400 pp., $3.00
By WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, M. D.
By the same author
Sex Knowledge for Men . . $2.00
Never Told Tales 1.00
Birth Control: An Argument 1.50
Sexual Problems of Today 2.00
CRITIC & GUIDE CO., 12A Mt. Morris Park, New York

When you write to an advertiser, please say that you saw his advertisement in The Nation. It will help you, him, and The Nation.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
A Tribute by WILLIAM HARD
One of the most beautiful things in prose written, or likely to be written, concerning this great leader, not merely of a party but of all Americans in the living present.
Price $1.50 net postpaid.
Thomas Bird Mosher
PORTLAND, MAINE

BACON vs. SHAKESPEARE
A Brilliant Analysis of the Perennial Paradox
"Who Wrote the Plays?"
By GEORGE SEIBEL
Price, cloth, 90 cents; paper, 40 cents, postpaid.
Send card for our list of Books for Thinkers.
THE LESSING COMPANY
Box 383 Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO BE ABSURD—and only by absurdity can we reduce anything to a logical conclusion—supposing Congress, the courts willing, should decree the death of all males under five years of age (a supposition only absurd in that such a decree could in no way benefit the dominant class in present-day society); and you with a son under five.
Admitting Congress the constituted law-making body in the United States, what would you do?
Is there any virtue in a constituency's submitting itself to destruction when betrayed to that fate by its representatives, simply because the treachery is accomplished in a legal manner?
Read the answer to this question in "THE LOUISE OLIVEREAU CASE." A sixty-four page pamphlet-record of the trial of a woman found guilty of thinking.
Price Twenty-Five Cents, postpaid
Proceeds to be used for the benefit of Political Prisoners.
MINNIE PARKHURST, *Publisher,*
516 Third Avenue West, Seattle, Wash.

New Methods for Old in the Cure of Disease
The greatest of medical authorities are recognizing the futility of drugs. Thousands of old school doctors are annually abandoning the "old school" for the new. Nature Cure is the hope of the suffering world. In his works on
NATURAL HEALING
Henry Lindlahr, M. D.
lays down the laws and principles for regaining and maintaining buoyant *health.* Write for *free* descriptive literature on these works. Send for them without delay. It may mean the difference to you between a life of healthy vigor and a continuous struggle with disease. All inquiries cheerfully answered. Valuable booklet *Free.*
LINDLAHR PUBLISHING COMPANY
515 South Ashland Avenue CHICAGO, ILL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of the Week

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Eagle, Solomon. Books in General. Knopf. $2.—Nathan, George J. Comedians All. Knopf. $2.—Rosenblatt, Bernard A. Social Zionism. Public Publishing Co.—Waugh, Arthur. Tradition and Change. Dutton.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Adams, Brooks, The Emancipation of Massachusetts. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.—Burton, Theodore E., and Selden, G. C. A Century of Prices. Magazine of Wall Street.—Cronau, R. Woman Triumphant. The Author.—Fox, Dixon R. The Decline of Aristocracy in the Politics of New York. Columbia University Studies in Political Science. Longmans, Green. $3.50.—Gibbons, Herbert A. The New Map of Asia, 1900-1919. Century.—Haight, Elizabeth H. The Life and Letters of James Monroe Taylor. Dutton. $3.50.—History of the War Activities of The Merchants' Association of New York.—McLennan, J. S. Louisbourg from its Foundation to its Fall, 1713-1758. Macmillan. $9.—Pons, A. A. The Holocaust. McBride. $2.—Shores, Venila L. The Hayes-Conkling Controversy, 1877-1879. Smith College Studies in History, Northampton.—Younghusband, Sir George. The Tower from Within. Doran. $4.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Mayorga, Margaret G. (editor). Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors. Little, Brown. $2.50.—Piper, Edwin F. Barbed Wire, and Other Poems. Iowa City: Midland Press.—Squire, J. C. Poems. Knopf. $1.50.—Tietjens, Eunice. Body and Raiment. Knopf. $1.25.

FICTION

Bottome, Phyllis. A Servant of Reality. Century. $1.75.—Cabell, James B. Jurgen. McBride. $2.—Chauvelot, Robert. Parvati. Translated by Helen D. Gibbons. Century.—Clemenceau, Georges. The Strongest. Doubleday, Page. $1.75.—Fraser, W. A. Bulldog Carney. Doran. $1.50.—Hedges, M. H. Iron City. Boni & Liveright. $1.75.—Kummer, Frederic A., and Christian, Mary. Peggy-Elise. Century.—Macfarlane, Peter C. The Exploits of Bilge and Ma. Little, Brown. $1.60.—The New Decameron. By Various Hands. McBride. $1.60.—Norris, Kathleen. Sisters. Doubleday, Page. $1.60.—Norton, Roy. Drowned Gold. Houghton Mifflin. $1.65.—Pelley, William D. The Greater Glory. Little, Brown. $1.75.—Putnam, Nina W. Believe You Me. Doran. $1.50.—Robins, Elizabeth. The Messenger. Century.—Rogers, Grace McLeod. Joan at Halfway. Doran. $1.50.—Rohmer, Sax. Dope. McBride.—Smith, Henry J. The Other Side of the Wall. Doubleday, Page. $1.60.—Taylor, Katharine H. Barbara of Baltimore. Doran. $1.50.—Wilkinson, Louis. Brute Gods. Knopf. $2.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Anonymous. The Equipment of the Workers. London: Allen & Unwin.—Atwood, Albert W. Putnams' Investment Handbook. Putnams.—Hutchinson, Emilie J. Women's Wages. Columbia University Studies in Political Science. Longmans, Green. $1.50.—Hyndman, H. M. The Awakening of Asia. Boni & Liveright. $2.

NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE

Stratton-Porter, Gene. Homing with the Birds. Doubleday, Page. $2.

All Students of Current History

should have the following authoritative documents:—

The League of Nations ..... **15c.**
A Practical Suggestion by Lieut.-Gen. Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts, P. C.

Decrees and Constitution of Soviet Russia ..... **25c.**

Majority and Minority Reports of Coal Industry Commission of Great Britain ..... **25c.**

Get these at your bookshop, or direct from

The Nation Press, Inc.

20 Vesey Street New York

These three books selected by MISS AMY LOWELL for her "Bookshelf of Modern Poetry"

THE CHARNEL ROSE
By Conrad Aiken
Author of "The Jig of Forslin."
"The finest book of poetry written in 1918."—*Chicago Tribune.*
Second printing ready Oct. 1st. Net $1.35

THE MOUNTAINY SINGER
By Seosamh MacCathmhaoil
(Joseph Campbell)
1,000 copies only from hand-set type. Gilt tops. Net $1.50

IMAGES
By Richard Aldington
Author of "War and Love."
(The Contemporary Series)
Green wrapper over boards. Net $0.75

THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY, *Publishers* BOSTON
Publishers of the International Pocket Library

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law
Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University

No. 198. The Decline of Aristocracy in the Politics of New York
By Dixon Ryan Fox
Paper covers, Price, $3.50

No. 202. Women's Wages
By Emilie Josephine Hutchinson
Paper Covers, Price, $1.50

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., Publishers
FOURTH AVE. AND 30TH ST., NEW YORK

"Playing the Game"
is a fascinating booklet. It tells how a man accumulated $10,000 in ten years on a total investment of $3,000, putting in an average of $25 monthly.
"Playing the Game" was originally sold at $1 per copy, but is now reprinted and we send it free to anyone ambitious to achieve financial independence.
It contains nothing for the man who wants to get rich in a hurry, but will be helpful to all who wish to save from $5 to $100 monthly and invest by a safe method.

KRIDDEL & CO.
INCORPORATED
Investment Bankers
145S South La Salle Street, Chicago

TEACHERS OF RUSSIAN HISTORY AND LITERATURE
will be interested to see

Slavic Europe by R. J. Kerner . ($3.50)
The Second Partition of Poland by R. H. Lord . . . ($2.25)
The Russian Revolution by A. Petrunkevitch and others ($1.00)

which may be found at any bookseller's.
Send for our New Price List
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
29 Randall Hall, Cambridge, Mass.
280 Madison Avenue, New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation at Five Dollars

THE STEADILY RISING COSTS OF PRODUCTION compel the announcement that on and after January first, 1920, the price of THE NATION will be five dollars for the United States, Mexico, and Cuba, five and one-half dollars for Canada, and six dollars for all other foreign countries in the Postal Union. THE NATION has steadily sought to avoid this increase, even after giving to its readers free of charge what was really a new and complete publication, the International Relations Section, maintained and compiled by a separate staff. In addition to the increased costs, there has come the extra tax imposed by the new and vexatious zone rates of postage. It may even be necessary for THE NATION to raise the rate still further if, in the near future, increased costs should compel this action.

Beginning next week, the International Relations Section will, in response to the crying need of the hour, be a regular feature of *every issue* instead of appearing fortnightly.

But—any subscriber of THE NATION who will renew his subscription prior to January first next may do so at the old rate for one year from the date of the expiration of his present subscription. This privilege can be claimed only if an order accompanied by a check for four dollars is mailed to THE NATION on or before December thirty-first, 1919.

Subscribe *Now.*

The Nation

20 Vesey Street, New York City

The subscription price of THE NATION during its fifty-six years has varied as follows:

1865	$6.00	1885-1915	$3.00
1875	$5.20	1915-1919	$4.00

After January 1, 1920..... $5.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED